week ending March 15 1952
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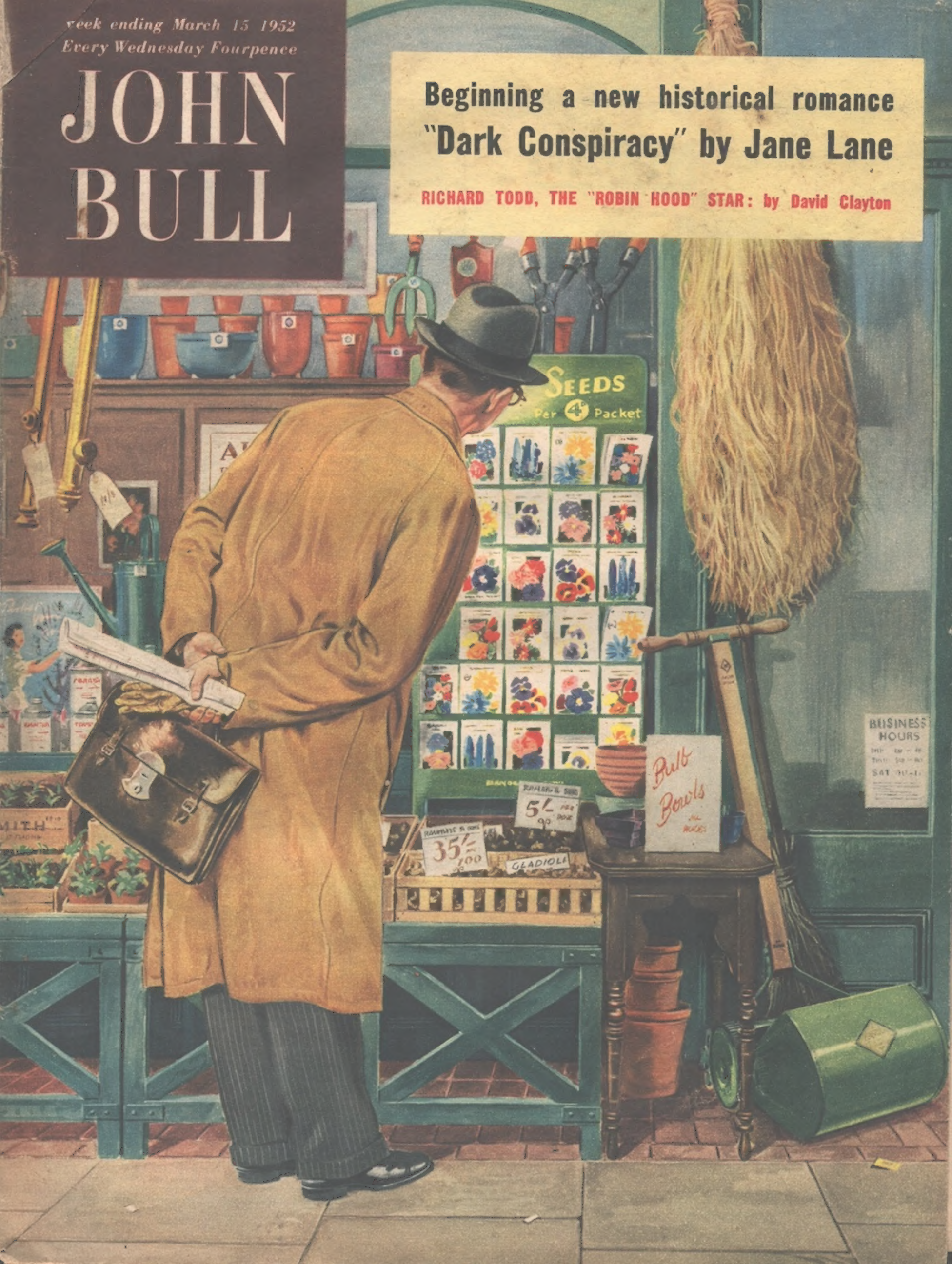
RICHARD TODD, THE "ROBIN HOOD" STAR: by David Clayton



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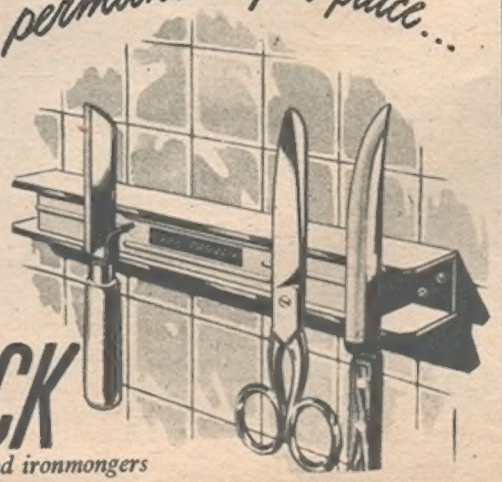

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"SURELY ADVERTISING can stick to its well-tried public media without invading our sitting-rooms as well," says Christopher Mayhew, M.P., the well-known television commentator.

Mr. Mayhew's point touches the biggest issue awaiting decision about the future of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

The B.B.C. Charter expired at the end of last year, but was temporarily renewed for six months to give the new Government time to decide its policy on broadcasting.

So there are three months to go, during which the debates and legislation needed to start the B.B.C. off on the next stage of its career will have to be squeezed into an already overcrowded parliamentary programme.

In the background is the report of Lord Beveridge's committee which last year recommended unequivocally that the B.B.C. should keep its monopoly of both sound and visual broadcasting.

BUT in spite of the Beveridge findings there is a campaign on foot to open the door of British broadcasting—if not of Broadcasting House—to commercially sponsored programmes.

Some people think that competition from commercial stations operating on their own wavelengths would "stimulate" B.B.C. television. It is only a short step from this to the claim that radio as a whole would benefit from rival transmissions. It sounds fine until we consider the probable effects.

SUPPOSE the B.B.C. itself was compelled to resort to sponsored programmes.

Listeners would have to get used to the interruption of music, talks and plays by propaganda on behalf of commercial products.

This is what happens in America, where commercial broadcasting is the rule. Nobody particularly enjoys it; there is, indeed, so much resentment of the interpolated advertising eulogies and blurbs that mechanical devices are being invented to cut them out with the minimum of trouble.

It is true that sponsorship of U.S. programmes by wealthy interests enables the radio stations to spend more money on programmes. But the cultural and educational elements are neglected and entertainment reduced inexorably to the lowest mass level.

DO we want that sort of thing to dominate British radio and television? Especially television, which is still in its teething stage, just beginning to work out its technique and traditions.

The obvious answer is an emphatic No.

On national grounds alone, it would be folly to surrender the invaluable integrity of the B.B.C. for the trivial and dubious advantages that are all commercial radio offers.

The B.B.C.'s high sense of responsibility—and high standards of entertainment—are made possible solely by the fact that it is a national service, conducted in the interests of the nation as a whole and not to make money.

IF the Government is really toying with the idea of allowing commercial broadcasts, it should certainly submit the decision to a completely free vote of the House of Commons. For this is not a party matter, but a public one, and a free vote would, we believe, confirm the B.B.C. in its power to carry on its sound work of the past thirty years.

CRITICIZE the B.B.C. by all means; improve the methods of controlling and directing its policy in every possible way. But let the people who have brought it from the early days of 2LO to its present stage of development get on with their job.

They have done it pretty well on the whole. And they will no doubt do it even better when the uncertainty about their future is ended.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A YEAR ago cover artist Charles Wood moved with his wife and three sons into a new house at Alfriston in Sussex. Ever since they have been hard at work turning a large plot of virgin land into a garden. Now a real enthusiast, Charles, like the man in his painting, can't pass a seed shop without stopping to browse. What he said recently when a herd of cows broke in and almost wrecked his garden isn't fit to be repeated.

I just don't know what to give him!

Convalescents who are often too weak to digest even the lightest of "light diet" can retain and assimilate the goodness of Benger's Food without strain on the system because it is partially pre-digested before the patient drinks it. Always keep a tin of Benger's in the house — it is the perfect diet for invalids, old people and anyone whose digestion is out of order.

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QUICK COOKING SCOTT'S, CREAMIEST PORRIDGE THERE IS

Happy Days

when healthy kidney action has rid you of rheumatic pains, backache and urinary troubles.

"Every Picture tells a story"

MISCHIEF soon starts when the action of the kidneys slackens and permits excess uric acid and other harmful impurities to remain in the blood.

Possibly you feel tired, miserable and depressed; your back aching, muscles and joints stiff and sore. You may be bothered by lumbago, rheumatic pains or the common urinary disorders due to sluggish kidney action.

Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Thousands of healthy men and women testify that this well-known kidney medicine has rid them of these trying ailments. *Why not let Doan's do the same for you?*

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"For two and a half years I have had a painful skin complaint . . . in fact I gave up hope of ever getting rid of it. Then I tried GERMOLENE and found I was on the right thing . . . another tin or so will put me right. Thank you for your wonderful ointment." (signed) W.F.F. Great Yarmouth.

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FREE SPEECH

Dismal homes without a mother

MANY CHILDREN IN THE class I teach are anxious to stay and help me after school hours. They are unwilling to go home until mother returns from work—not surprising, really, for "home" to these youngsters is merely a dismal house.

How different the childhood memories of my generation, for then home meant mother, a good meal and a cheerful fire. Mother was always there to see us off and welcome us home. That is what home should be, and no amount of pocket money, cinemas or sweets can ever compensate for her absence.—TEACHER, Liverpool.

Uniting The Family

FOR BRITONS IN PAKISTAN, the tragic death of King George VI had one consoling feature: the genuinely sympathetic reaction of the Pakistanis. In recent months, Middle Eastern events have made popular feeling decidedly unsympathetic to Britain. But when the news of the tragedy came, there was an immediate awareness that we all belonged to one family, and that the family had suffered a terrible loss.—DENIS SHAW, 29 Topkhana Road, Ramna P.O., Dacca, East Pakistan.

Case For The Duty

YOUR AMERICAN correspondent who says that the British Customs are "not playing the game" in charging duty on gifts from overseas ("Free Speech," February 16) should realize that if Britain were flooded with gifts from abroad, free of duty and purchase tax, the practice would give rise to all sorts of rackets.—CUSTOMS OFFICER, Scotland.

Fiction's Coincidences

READING CHRISTINE WESTON'S short story *How Sir Alfred Died* (JOHN BULL, February 9), I found a quite extraordinary series of coincidences. In this story, a "Mrs. Penny" is the cook; my own name is Mrs. Penny and I am a cook. Stranger still, the scene of the story is Port of Spain, Trinidad; my employer has recently returned from Port of Spain, having lived there for several years. Finally, the story's narrator, who describes "Mrs. Penny" as a relative of his, is called Frank; my husband's own Christian name is also Frank, but he is *not* a coloured man, although, of course, we have no ill-feeling towards coloured people. I must, I feel, ask you to make it plain that neither of us has any connection with the presumably fictitious characters in the story. Incidentally, I am a regular reader of JOHN BULL, and have been for many years.—MRS. EILEEN M. PENNY, Shepton Mallet, Somerset.

Bringing Up A Puppy

THE R.S.P.C.A. IS strongly against puppies being sold as pets before they are eight weeks old. From five to eight weeks is a critical period in a puppy's life. The shock of transfer to the atmosphere of a pet shop or of a long journey in a crate to a new home is frequently followed by severe illness. Nor is it proper that a puppy of five or six weeks should begin a solitary existence as a pet. The romping of a young litter, under the guidance of the dam, is an education for subsequent life. The risk of damage mentioned by your correspondent ("Free Speech," February 16) may be true of certain breeds such as Alsatians, but it is dangerous to allow consideration of the particular to influence the general rule. —A. W. Moss, chief secretary, R.S.P.C.A., 105 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

Squirrel Swarm

WALKING QUIETLY THROUGH a wood, I was astonished to see hundreds of grey squirrels on a huge ash tree. Of course, on seeing me they disappeared in all directions. But do they usually gather in such numbers?—E. G. BROWN, 11 London Road, Purbrook, Portsmouth.

The Deceiving Eye

KEITH ELLIS'S ARTICLE ON how Godfrey Taylor makes glass eyes (JOHN BULL, February 23) interested me very much because my brother, who is a captain in the Army, has a false eye. Very few people have ever detected it. Because he has always been used to one eye only, he can judge distances as well as anyone and he is a crack shot with a rifle.—P. J. MILLAM, 9 Broxbourne Road, Orpington, Kent.

. . . In many cases, so-called glass eyes are not glass at all, but are made from acrylic resin.—THOMAS H. HILL, Manchester.

. . . What is the cost of a glass eye? —M. L. TAIT, 5 Gresford Avenue, West Kirby, Cheshire.

. . . I was surprised to read that there are no natural black eyes. There is a widespread belief that Spanish women's eyes, noted for their beauty, are often black. Is this a fallacy?—STANLEY ROACH, 26 Ashton Road, Central Drive, Blackpool.

Acrylic resin eyes are known as plastic eyes, says Godfrey Taylor. Glass eyes are made from glass and cost £4 4s. each. No natural eye is black—only very dark brown.

Letters intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech" and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

The men who were there write about THE NAKED ISLAND

I WAS TAKEN PRISONER by the Japanese at the fall of Singapore and I am glad you are publishing Russell Braddon's *The Naked Island*, showing the appalling treatment of prisoners in Jap hands. While my memories were still fresh, I painted the enclosed picture showing bridge building on the Thailand railway during a Japanese "speedo," when the Nips used to go mad. This bridge was known as "Shoko's Martyrdom" (*shoko* is Japanese for "officer") as on the previous bridge, known as "Shoko's Folly," our senior officers had induced the Nips to believe that if they left us to ourselves we would complete it in seven days. Actually, we took about five weeks, so on the "Martyrdom" bridge we were supervised by Nip railway engineers who were great believers in the "speedo-ing" effect of freely wielded bamboo. We completed this bridge in about three weeks. There were sixty of us at the start, and thirty at the finish. The beam the men are carrying weighed about 500 pounds. —T. J. L. HEWITT, Holton Cottage, Holton, Wheatley, Oxon.

. . . *Tenko! Benjo!* What memories of disease, slavery and death these words bring back. I worked on the Thailand railway and can vouch for Braddon's story, which I hope will awaken people to the barbarity of the Japanese.—A. GIBSON, 49 Wright Street, Chorley, Lancs.

"Shoko's Martyrdom"

. . . I was made an ambulance driver by the Japs. I drove an ambulance into Selerang Camp and took in a camera hidden in a sack of rice. An officer prisoner got into the ambulance and took pictures of the prisoners' conditions from the windows. Later, he took some more from the barracks. Then the camera was buried and that was the last I heard of it. Soon after, I left to work on the Thailand railway.—STANLEY WARREN, 53 Lime Grove, Bideford, Devon.

The scene we should not forget . . .

Selerang—in war

. . . and in peace

YOUR WARTIME PICTURE of Selerang Barracks makes it difficult to realize that it is the same place as the barracks of today. I was there in 1949 and enclose a snapshot of the guard-mounting outside the barracks. The grass verge, about ten feet wide, all round the square, is known as sacred ground, as that is supposed to be where all the prisoners who died there are buried.—D. W. GOFF, 33 Church Street, Westbury, Wilts.

This week's instalment of "The Naked Island" begins on page 13

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It was the moment for which the visitor had been waiting. Phoebe, dressed in her best Sunday gown, stood at the door, smiling directly at him

Beginning a historical romance—the story of a plot that shook the realm

Dark Conspiracy

by JANE LANE

ILLUSTRATED BY KOOLMAN

THE DARK OF AN OCTOBER EVENING was settling over Hampstead when Mr. Daniel Jolly, the village chandler, laid aside his account books with a sigh. It was impossible for him to concentrate while Ned, his apprentice, was making such a din with his putting up of the shutters of the shop. The lad was late, but then Ned was always either early or late for everything; a parish child and almost a "natural," he had come to Mr. Jolly with a five pound indenture at the age of seven, and had been with him now for nearly twelve years. Poor Ned, thought his master, listening to the clatter; he could not understand how his wife had the heart to urge him to be rid of the pitiful creature.

Mrs. Elizabeth Jolly was out at the moment, for this was Wednesday, and on Wednesday evenings she sallied forth soon after five o'clock, to take round the clean washing to her customers. Miss Phoebe Jolly, Daniel's daughter, was out likewise, but not in the company of her stepmother. Unless her fond old father was very much mistaken, Miss Phoebe was in some secluded nook upon the Heath, in the embrace of a male companion. Mr. Jolly sighed again. He ought to whip the wench; but like his sovereign, King Charles the Second, Daniel Jolly liked to be easy and to have others so.

Mr. Jolly stood up with a show of resolution and put on his cap. He would go out and get a can of ale and cheer himself up. But when he reached the street door, he hesitated again. Those cursed books! Why did they come out always on the debit side? He knew his trade, he worked hard, he was strictly honest, he sold only the best. Elizabeth told him it was because he insisted on giving credit to persons unworthy of it; he supposed she was right, but he could not alter the habits of a lifetime. It was not in his nature to demand ready money of men and women as poor as himself, his neighbours with whom he had grown up, nor could he go round dunning old customers. The result was this constant series of crises; he owed Dubs the farmer five pounds for cheeses; and Alfred Dubs was not the man to wait indefinitely for his money. There was only one thing for it, however distasteful; he must approach his old friend Josiah Keeling for another loan.

But a visit to Josiah meant a journey into the City, for Mr. Keeling was an oil merchant of the parish of St. Butolph-without-Aldgate. Such a journey was not to be thought of at this time of the evening, but must be made first thing tomorrow, before Mr. Jolly had time to change his uncertain mind. The best thing to do, reflected Daniel, brightening, would be for him to walk up to the Upper Bowling Green, and inquire there whether there was any wagon going into London in the early morning.

The Upper Bowling Green was a large, pretentious tavern, standing upon the summit of

the heath, not far from the White Stone which marked four and a half miles distance from Holborn Bars. There was a pond here, and a stray cattle pound, and just across the way was Jack Straw's Castle, where met the Court Leet and the Customary Court. Mr. Jolly was not at all fond of the Upper Bowling Green—its size abashed him; and moreover a very odd assortment of customers frequented it. The Hampstead gentry patronized it on summer evenings for the excellent bowling green from which it took its name; apprentices and labourers thronged its shabby cock-pit; and in its vast common-room were often to be seen nameless, questionable characters, whom wise men took care not to offend, for it did not take much perspicacity to guess that they were the highwaymen, the footpads and their minions, who made the heath so dreaded by travellers after dark.

MR. JOLLY entered the Upper Bowling Green diffidently. The common-room was crowded, the customers being crammed so tight that the white-aproned drawers had difficulty in squeezing through with their trays of mugs and tankards. Only by the fire was there a clear space, for here, seated in a special elbow-chair reserved for him, was none other than the notorious "Captain" George Cruikshank, the uncrowned king of all the highwaymen who made the heath their beat. He sat sprawled in an insolent attitude, his jack-boots stuck out in front of him, his horse-pistols prominently displayed on the table beside him, a bumper of brandy in his huge, coarse hand, the while he discoursed with tipsy graciousness to a group of nervous locals, who stood respectfully on the other side of the fire.

Daniel edged his way through to the counter, behind which stood the landlord, Charlie Weems. He looked somewhat like a vulture, with his hunched shoulders, pigeon-chest, and his head perpetually bent forward. He had an evil, shining, polished face, a deceptively soft manner, was hand-in-glove with the highwaymen, and saw to it that the carriers and drovers compounded with these gentlemen-of-the-road by a constant rent, of which he took his pickings. Daniel waited until the landlord was for the moment free from serving, then, asking timidly for a can of ale, added an inquiry as to whether Mr. Weems knew of a wagon going into the City at daybreak tomorrow.

"It is possible, it is possible, Mr.—Mr. Jolly, is it not?" said Weems, who had a habit, oddly sinister, of repeating himself. "I have not heard positively of any such thing, but it is possible. I will inquire and inform you presently, neighbour; aye, presently I will inform you."

Mr. Jolly sat down in a dark corner and prepared to wait. The longer he waited, the more he drank, and the sole result of this tippling was an urge to relieve nature. The privy stood at the back of the tavern, and to reach it Mr. Jolly had to walk out of the common-room and through the yard. It was very dark out here, after the brightness of the room he had left, and Mr. Jolly instinctively turned his eyes in the direction of a lighted window on one side of the yard. It was, he knew, the window of a private parlour, often rented by the landlord to customers who desired to discuss some business deal; there were red curtains at the window, but this evening they were not entirely drawn, and as he passed by, Daniel glanced within, idly at first, and then with a stare and an astonished exclamation. For in the parlour, seated by the fire, with a long pipe in his mouth and a glass of sack at his elbow, was none other than Mr. Jolly's old friend, Josiah Keeling.

At this apparition, the chandler felt an almost superstitious thrill go down his spine, for it was as though his need of Josiah's help had spirited that gentleman into his neighbourhood. Never before had he seen Mr. Keeling in this tavern; and never had he seen him in such odd company. For, with a second and a more unpleasant thrill, Daniel, having turned his attention to his old friend's companion in the parlour, recognized a public figure. That tall, lean body, slightly stooping, that great Roman nose, that thin jaw and sanguine complexion, and that great periwig worn almost over the eyes, were familiar from a dozen woodcuts. Mr. Keeling's companion could be none other than Robert Ferguson, Bob Ferguson the Plotter.

While Mr. Jolly's slow mind wrestled with the problem as to why his friend should be in such company, he found himself looking once more at Mr. Keeling, and now Mr. Keeling's eyes were looking directly into his own. Filled with embarrassment at being caught thus peeping into a private apartment, Mr. Jolly bobbed back and hastened upon his journey. Scarcely had he returned to the common-room and pushed his way through to the counter to demand another can of ale, than he felt a pull at his sleeve, and there, greeting him with all his old friendliness, was Josiah Keeling himself.

"The Lord hath guided you thither this night, Daniel," observed the oil merchant solemnly, as he laid a hand over his friend's to prevent him paying for his drink. "I had thought to call upon you at your house after my business here was ended. We will take a tankard together, and I will stand treat."

Now the room was emptying, and, when the tankard was brought, Mr. Keeling had no difficulty in finding a secluded corner, where the friends sat down. The oil merchant was a large, corpulent person, a substantial citizen, but slovenly in appearance, and of a genial disposition. Only when his fanaticism was aroused did his geniality vanish, and something almost savage and quite alien to his nature take its place. Only a few weeks ago he had "arrested" the Lord Mayor of London in the open street, for refusing to admit the Sheriffs chosen by the faction which was beginning to be called the Whigs. His friend Daniel, whose nature it was to believe the best of every man, regarded such extravagances as a mere kink in an otherwise well-balanced and admirable character.

Tonight Josiah seemed to be in a particularly genial mood, and it was not long before his kindly company, combined with another quantity of ale, drove Mr. Jolly to unbosom himself of his troubles.

After a pause in Daniel's lamentations, the oil merchant laid his large, soft hand upon his shoulder, and said gravely:

"The times are evil, brother, even as they were in the days of Babylon, but the Lord in whom thou trusteth, He shall deliver thee, as He delivered that great prophet after whom thou art called, when the wicked king cast him into the den of lions."

Mr. Jolly shifted uncomfortably. When Josiah began to talk in that strain, he ceased to be the familiar friend and became the fanatic. Daniel was just about to murmur that the hour was late and he ought to go home, when Mr. Keeling suddenly became practical again.

"My purse, Daniel," said he kindly, "hath been ever at your service, as indeed it ought to be for friendship's sake, but I must let you know that at present I likewise am in embarrassed circumstances, for certain ventures of mine upon the high seas have failed. But stay a little, while I make known to you a way in which you may both strike a blow for righteousness and earn unto yourself a material reward."

Mr. Jolly pricked up his ears. This talk of a "blow for righteousness" he dismissed as a mere figure of speech, or rather as something pertaining to Josiah's unfortunate kink. Although living remote from the great world of politics, Mr. Jolly had read in the past such things in the newssheets that his peaceable and law-abiding soul had fairly shuddered. There had been insurrection in Scotland, even a threat of it in England; there had been plots and riots, and the danger of the repetition of 1641. But all these things were of the past, and, poring over the week-old newssheets in his tavern over his modest can of ale, Mr. Jolly had been relieved to learn that King Charles had weathered the storms of opposition which had raged throughout the last ten years, and that save for disgruntled great lords, like the disgraced Earl of Shaftesbury, and born troublemakers like "Dr." Titus Oates, everyone was happy and harmonious.

IT was, therefore, the last sentence of Mr. Keeling's speech which interested him. Turning an eager gaze upon Josiah, he begged him to explain matters to him.

"When you spied me in the privy parlour earlier this night," began the oil merchant, "you saw me in company with a gentleman who perchance may be known to you by sight and reputation."

"Why," replied Daniel nervously, infinitely disappointed by this opening, "methought he looked somewhat like—like the gentleman they call—ahem!—Ferguson the Plotter. I would not swear to it——"

"So he is called by the sons of unrighteousness," interposed Mr. Keeling sharply. "But I must tell you," he continued, lowering his voice, "that at present Mr. Ferguson goes not by his own name, but is known as 'Mr. Roberts,' being, you understand, somewhat under a cloud by reason of his championship of the Good Old Cause."

Mr. Jolly nodded but said nothing. He was the last man to judge others, but there were certain things he had heard concerning Robert Ferguson which made him unable to avoid a mild disapproval. A dissenting minister, and then the master of a boys' school at Islington, Ferguson, he knew, had been imprisoned as early as 1663 for "treasonable practices." At the height of the Titus Oates plot, he had begun to write political broadsheets, and from then onwards had been one of the leading spirits of the

She married her publisher

—and writes between chores

JANE LANE, author of *Dark Conspiracy*, had a hard battle to authorship—and still has. Home, husband and young son, as well as publishers and public, clamour for her attention, and her writing is confined to all-too-brief sessions between the housework.

Her first novel, written at the age of seventeen, was published on the condition that she bore the full cost of publication. She did—by monthly instalments, raising the money by working as a domestic servant, untrained nurse and repertory actress.

Her next novel changed her life. The general manager of the publisher to whom she sent it was interested in her, gave her advice, encouragement—and then fell in love and married her.

That was in 1937. Since then, at intervals, she has been writing historical novels; her best-known book, *Gin and Bitters* (about the arrival in England of gin with William of Orange), was a great wartime success. Her books have also been published in America and recently she entered a new field—her radio script on Titus Oates, broadcast in the Home Service, was widely praised by the critics.

"How now, friend," said the big man gruffly. "Is all in harmony?" Mr. Jolly just gaped

Opposition (or the Faction, as it was often called) attacking the King, the Duke of York, the Court and the loyal Ministers, and with his lively and violent pen stirring up the rabble to discontentment with their betters. Yet on the other hand, Josiah Keeling, that worthy citizen, obviously regarded Bob Ferguson with admiration, and even, from his tone, with affection.

"Mr. Roberts, as we will call him," continued Josiah, casting a glance at his silent friend, "is, as I have said, under a cloud, and there may be many other worthy men in like condition. Some of these gentlemen are, like himself, of the Scottish nation, and often it happens that they desire to visit our country upon their lawful business, yet find themselves obliged to do so under aliases, and in secret, lest some mischievous person inform against them to the authorities. It would be mighty convenient for them, therefore, if, whenever obliged to come to London, they might find some friendly and discreet persons who would give them lodging at a little distance from the City. They are all substantial gentlemen, and would pay handsomely for such a lodging, be it never so humble, so it be clean and private, and he who keeps it careful to ask them no questions concerning their business or identity, and to avoid talk of them among his neighbours."

Mr. Jolly brightened considerably during this speech, and became obsessed with practical matters. Phoebe could move into the attic and then he would have a spare bedchamber; Phoebe was a good plain cook and never grumbled at a little extra work.

"I am sure I could entertain one of these gentlemen, Josiah," he exclaimed, "if you would recommend me as a fitting host. You know I am not wont to tattle, but mind my own business and let others mind theirs. 'Tis true my house is small and somewhat incommodious, yet 'tis clean, and I and my family would do our best to make a gentleman easy and comfortable. Aye, I am sure it could be done."

Josiah clapped him on the shoulder and looked as pleased as though he had completed some rich business deal.

"You will hear word from me, Daniel," he promised, fastening the neck-band of his cloak preparatory to leaving the tavern, "and that very shortly, I do assure you. Meanwhile, do you set your spare bedchamber in order; but be sure to tell your wife only that you have heard of some business gentleman who seeks lodging in Hampstead for the purer air."

But at those words, Mr. Jolly was suddenly seized by doubts. A faint-hearted man, and suspicious of good fortune, he was rarely able to believe that when fate seemed to smile on him there was not some trick behind the smile. His bovine eyes troubled, he glanced quickly at his friend and away again.

"Josiah," he mumbled, embarrassed, "you'll pardon me if I ask you—these gentry—they are not like to bring any trouble upon me and my family?—I intend no disrespect, none in the world, but as you have said, the times are evil, and I have never concerned myself with high matters—and—and. . . ."

He petered out, at a loss to make plain his sudden fears. But Josiah beamed upon him, patted him kindly on the shoulder, and assured him that, if he were discreet and asked no questions, he would be as safe as if he entertained a company of angels unawares. Indeed, added the oil merchant solemnly, these gentlemen were all so godly that almost they might be regarded as heavenly visitants.

THE worried frown which had worn furrows upon the brow of Daniel Jolly was not due solely to his business difficulties. Domestic troubles had taken their share in drawing those lines of anxiety on his kindly face.

The first Mrs. Jolly had died during the Great Plague of 1665. She had left behind her a young and sorrowing widower, and their only child, Phoebe, then a little girl of seven.

Between Daniel and his daughter there had grown up a strong bond of affection, and it had been a real sacrifice on the father's part when, his daughter reaching her late teens, he had set himself to arrange a suitable marriage for her. He had selected a young journeyman painter, a good, honest lad he had known for years, had given the pair his blessing, and his daughter as good a marriage portion as his circumstances could afford, and had resigned himself to a lonely future.

But fate had decreed otherwise, for not long after the wedding, the scaffolding around a house which Phoebe's husband was engaged in painting had collapsed, and the young wife was a widow. Phoebe had accepted her loss with the stoicism which was an essential part of her character, had returned to her father's house, and very cheerfully had taken up her old duties there again. But it was not long before Mr. Jolly discovered that, though Phoebe remained the affectionate child he had always known, she now claimed the liberty of doing what she pleased in her spare time; and doing what she pleased took the form of indulging in a continuous succession of flirtations.

Mr. Jolly was not a religious man, but he was a conventional one. His daughter's conduct shocked him profoundly. But when he taxed her with it, he found to his astonishment and dismay that he had to do, not with an erring and foolish little daughter, who ought to have hung her head and shed tears of shame, but with a strong and mature personality. She reminded him that she was now grown up and had a right to a life of her own; he need not fear for her, she added, with an outrageous wink—she was perfectly well able to take care of herself. And with that she had put her arms

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Italian and British miners wait for the cage. Gino (right) talks to manager Weeks (left)

Gino gets his pay. In his first ten weeks at Norton Hill colliery he sent £42 to Iliana

George Maggs, chief training officer at Old Mills, shows Italian recruits how a lamp works

Gino, in love, goes down the pit

by KEITH ELLIS

A dark-haired girl is waiting in Italy. All he wants is the chance to earn enough money to go home and marry her

PEDRONI GINO IS BEWILDERED. For several months, he and his compatriots at Norton Hill colliery, Somerset, have mixed their lilting Italian voices with the soft burr of the Englishmen. In the baths, in the cage, in the underground galleries they have laughed and joked and sung together.

But then the National Union of Mineworkers refused to accept any more Italians in the pits. Gino became uncertain whether he would be allowed to stay on when his present contract expires. He found himself one of a relatively small handful of Italians washed up by an experiment that seemed to have failed. And the reason for the failure was as obscure to most people outside the pits as it was to Gino himself.

The nominal reason was, of course, the ill-considered speech of an M.P. who suggested that miners were worried that the Italians would pursue their womenfolk. To Gino, such a suggestion has bitter irony. For it was only to earn enough money to enable him to marry his own girl in Italy that he travelled a thousand miles to dig coal in England. He was twenty-three, and Iliana, his pretty, dark-haired sweetheart, was eighteen. They had known each other since childhood, and thought they had waited long enough. But Gino earned only £3 10s. a week as a radio mechanic's assistant, and even in the tiny village of Breda Cisoni, near Mantua in Northern Italy, £3 10s. is not enough to live on, let alone have a house and *bambini*. But as there are 2,000,000 unemployed in Italy, there seemed little chance that Gino would be able to change his job or earn more money.

One day, he found in the *Gazetta di Mantua* an advertisement offering attractive wages to Italians who volunteered to work in the British mines for two years. Two years seemed a very long time, but he and Iliana decided it was the only way they could raise money for their marriage.

Union Consulted First

A tall, slim young man, with light brown hair, he is now one of the fifty-six Italian miners working at Norton Hill. At the new minimum for Somerset, he earns £7 6s. 6d. a week, plus overtime at time and a half on Saturdays. During his first ten weeks at Norton Hill he sent £42 home to Iliana. If he failed to earn enough money at the end of his two-year contract, he had planned to work for two more years —if he could.

Strict safeguards for British miners were arranged with the N.U.M. The Italians had to join the union, they were to be the first to go in case of redundancy, and local miners' lodges were to be consulted before they were employed. They would also be trained, initially, for the lowest-paid jobs, so that Englishmen could be upgraded to well-paid work at the coalface.

When they first arrived at Norton Hill there was, in spite of union approval, a little muttering and growling, especially among Eighth Army men. One of these refused when he was asked to take a trainee. Next morning, however, he apologized, and as a penance insisted on taking three Italian trainees.

In the words of Dai Llewellyn, the burly, ebullient miners' agent for Somerset: "If we refused to work with everyone we've fought against, we shouldn't work with anyone—not even the Americans. It just depends which war." Llewellyn is a keen internationalist. He was a captain in the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War. Everyone gets on with the Italians, he says, and they're good workers.

Spaghetti On The Menu

Gino's transition to Somerset miner was not, however, accomplished overnight. Six months ago, he knew nothing about mining. What concerned the N.U.M. almost as much, he knew no English, and was likely to be a dangerous comrade underground. When he reached England, therefore, he was sent to the Coal Board educational centre at Maltby, South Yorkshire.

He was allotted a bed in a hut and introduced to the cookhouse. It had a menu in Italian, and he could have spaghetti instead of the English main course. He was not so happy to find the hostel "dry," and the price of Chianti wine about fifteen shillings a bottle in Maltby, compared with the three shillings a litre he paid at home.

Classes began on the third day. Gino was being paid the surface minimum for British miners during his training—then £5 10s.—and had to be on time to the minute for his lessons. If he was late he lost not only one-seventh of a shift, but also a bonus shift—a total fine of about £1. "Knowing it would cost them so much, we tended to be lenient," says an instructor. "But occasionally we had a blitz."

Most of the time was spent learning Basic English. At the end of the course, pupils were supposed to know 496 words of English. In the evenings a young woman teacher answered questions on the English way of life. Some of Gino's friends had difficulty in understanding why it was a policeman's job to escort children across a road. They also thought that Scotland Yard was in Hollywood.

Towards the end of his ten-week course, Gino was asked which area he preferred to work in. "There were sudden crazes for certain pits," says an instructor, "especially if a visiting 'old boy' brought back a good report. One pit was popular one week because there was a hostel for Italian girls nearby. Next week it was completely dropped in favour of another pit. When we asked why, they replied: 'There are *two* girls' hostels near that one.'"

Gino chose Somerset, and joined other Italians at the Old Mills training centre. He spent three weeks acquiring what E. D. Jones, the manager, calls "a general sense of safety." When he signed on at Norton Hill he was placed under

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As Philip came out of the bank, one man tripped him and the other swung a length of lead pipe. He didn't know then that the girl was watching

NEARLY A HERO

by ***BRETON AMIS***

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

She had seen him attacked that day, and knew he was carrying a fortune—a fortune that could be theirs

AS ASSISTANT CASHIER at the Patent Products Factory, it was Philip Bead's duty to draw £3,500 for wages from the bank every Thursday afternoon at 2.45 p.m. He enjoyed the taxi ride, the confidential chat with the bank cashier, and the weight of the money in his black leather bag.

Often he dreamed of the brave things he would do if an attempt was ever made to rob him, but when this actually happened he was thinking of nothing in particular.

One man tripped him as he came out of the bank, and the other swung a length of lead pipe. The synchronization was bad—a bungled job. The blow smashed the brim of Philip's bowler and paralysed his left shoulder, but he went down fighting. At least, he tried to kick one of the men and shouted at the top of his voice. The tripper stamped on his wrist and grabbed the bag.

Philip let go, but the bag was attached to his wrist by a thin steel chain that bit viciously into his flesh.

In a whirling haze, he saw the taxi-driver charging to the rescue and heard the clang of the alarm bell above the bank. The two men ran off and jumped into a cruising car. Philip was helped into the bank, badly shaken and clutching the leather bag to his breast. His wrist was bleeding, red-hot needles pricked his shoulder, and his knee showed white through a ripped trouser leg.

While the police were taking his statement, the firm's head cashier arrived in another taxi, to congratulate Philip and collect the wages money. Philip, he said, must take the rest of the afternoon off, as some small reward for his devotion to duty. In any case, he was in too much of a mess to return to the office. No doubt the managing director himself would, later, shake him by the hand. The firm would, if necessary, pay a taxi fare to his lodgings, but personally, the head cashier recommended a brisk walk to ease any stiffness.

Philip's friend from behind the grille brushed him down and advised iodine for the cut wrist.

"And there's a shop opposite where they'll fix that trouser leg for you," he said.

The torn trouser worried Philip more than his injuries. He prided himself on his neatness, and this was his second-best suit. A thin, dark, nervous man of thirty, he dreaded crossing the crowded High Street in his present state, with battered bowler, torn clothes, and a blood-stained handkerchief knotted round his wrist.

People stared, but he found himself carrying it off with a certain bravado. After all, he was nearly a hero. He had put up a fight. It was just a wise precaution on the part of the firm that the money bag had been chained to him.

Behind the window of the invisible menders' a girl was sewing, her head bent over some soft white material. She was wearing a dove-grey blouse and a green skirt.

When she glanced up at Philip, he saw her eyes were pale grey and luminous, like the mists of dawn.

She watched him hesitate at the door, then got up and opened it.

"Come in," she said, in a sweet, husky voice. "I'll do what I can. I saw it all, and I think you were lucky to get off with a torn trouser leg."

She made him put his foot on a chair while she examined the damage. Philip was glad he wore short underpants, unlike the head cashier whose long woollen underwear showed in bulging bracelets through his black socks. Selecting needle and thread, the girl worked deftly.

"Running repairs." She smiled at him. "If you'd like to bring the trousers in tomorrow I'll

make a proper job of them. Did the robbers get away?"

"I'm afraid they did, and it all happened so quickly I haven't been able to give the police much help with their descriptions."

"A smash-and-grab," she suggested, "and the grab didn't come off."

"They nearly had my arm off," Philip said proudly, but she punctured this little boast.

"They should have known the bag was chained to your wrist."

"How did *you* know?"

She laughed, and a dimple danced in her cheek. "I didn't until you went sprawling, yet I've been watching you for weeks and months. You always come at a quarter to three, and ten minutes later you hurry out to the taxi as if afraid something might happen. Today it did."

"One can't be too careful," he said seriously. "Three thousand five hundred pounds is a lot of money."

"They ought to send an escort with you! The taxi man was half asleep."

"I'm covered by insurance. At least, the money is, and I suppose that's what matters."

Philip fumbled in his pocket to pay, but the girl shook her head. "Glad to be of service, as they say on the films. It was rather like a gangster film—the first exciting thing that's happened since I came here."

"You like excitement?" It was a silly question, but he wanted her to go on talking. She had soft red lips and small white teeth.

She nodded. "Who doesn't? Especially when other people provide it. I suppose you'll be a hero at your office."

Philip would have lingered, but another customer came in and he had to go. The head cashier had said he ought to rest, so he went to his lodgings and rested for an hour. Then he changed into his best suit and went to the cinema, where he saw a film in which three masked men raided a bank in the Middle West.

On his way to the office next day he stopped at the invisible menders' with a brown paper package. The girl took it, smiling.

"These will be ready a week today. How do you feel? I went to the pictures last night and saw a Western with bandits raiding a bank. Wasn't it odd?"

Philip was elated by the thought that he must have been sitting near her in the darkness.

"I went as well! Do you often go?"

"Once a week. We get a free pass for showing the what's-on-this-week card."

"Do you go by yourself?"

"That all depends." Her dimple appeared, filling Philip with hope and despair.

"Will you come with me tomorrow?" he asked. "I could meet you anywhere, any time, if—if you haven't another engagement."

"Tomorrow's Saturday. We keep open until six. But after that I'm free," she told him.

Her name was Irene Swann. She lived in lodgings not far from Philip, and soon he was seeing her every day. On the way to the office he waved to her; in the evenings he called for her, and they went to the cinema, or walked and talked in the long, dark streets, or lingered over cups of coffee in pink or blue cafés. He was in love. She filled his thoughts, day and night. And yet he sensed he was only a part of hers, although she liked his company.

"You're different from the others," she told him candidly. "You're older, quieter, nicer. Too quiet, perhaps, Philip. You dream a lot, don't you?"

"Mainly about you, these days." It was the truth. He felt a sudden sharp jealousy. "These others——"

She laughed. "Working in that shop window makes me wolf bait. Some seem to think there ought to be a price tag on me, others are all right. I don't take them seriously."

"Could you take me seriously?"

She glanced at him, her grey eyes silvered over with thought. They had walked some distance before she replied.

"I don't know. I like you more than any other man I've met, but—is it worth while getting serious? Aren't dreams better than reality? You're a clerk, I'm a shop girl. If we *were* serious—if we married—we might just manage if I kept my job. But where would it get us?"

"To heaven, as far as I'm concerned." A great eagerness gripped him. "I won't be a clerk all my life——"

"What will you be?"

The question flattened him. The future was a mirror which reflected his twelve years of sitting on a high stool, counting other people's money. There was nothing else in store for him. He had nearly reached the age when ambition became acceptance of a safe job—and then anxiety in case the job wasn't so safe.

Irene took his hand and pressed it lightly. "You're still young enough to hoist yourself out of the rut, Philip. We could take a risk—might even emigrate. That's what I should like!" Her eyes glowed. "America or South Africa—two places where there's money!"

"Three of our chaps went to South Africa after the war," he told her, "and two came back. They say it's no use without capital, unless you have a trade. Totting up figures isn't a trade. I've never used my hands."

"Or your brains. Yet you're clever," she added quickly. "That job you've been doing on the new piece-work rates—didn't your managing director say it was a model of patient planning?"

"And the chief cashier took the credit. Seven pounds a week seems to be my limit."

"Only if you set it for yourself," she insisted. "You allow them to value you low, and they know they've a bargain or they wouldn't trust you to fetch that hefty payroll every week."

"They chain it to me, insure it and have the additional cover of my fidelity bond," he said, with an attempt at lightness. "Of course, I could give them a shock by absconding with the leather bag. Since that last affair I've often found myself planning a really foolproof robbery. I could walk away with three thousand five hundred as easy as winking."

"Then why not do it?"

He laughed, but—she wasn't joking. By the light of a street lamp he saw her pale face, intent and deadly serious.

"They take a risk by putting temptation in your way, so let them be on the losing side for once," she said swiftly. "You say insurance would cover the loss, so no one will suffer. Could we get abroad?"

Philip licked his dry lips, conscious of a queer, salty taste in his mouth. It was like putting one's tongue on a torch battery, and he had known it once before—when crossing a mined beach during the war.

"You mean—you actually mean——"

"I'd go with you. Don't you understand? I want you, Philip, as much as you want me, but on my terms. I've had enough of dreary lodgings, sweat shops and cheap eating places." Her fingers twined fiercely into his. "Those thugs who attacked you took a risk that didn't pay off because they hadn't the brains! You could get away with it! We could begin to live!"

When he didn't answer she turned to face him, a challenge in her eyes.

"Have they treated you so wonderfully? Did you get a bonus for saving their money? Did you even get the price of another pair of trousers? No. The managing director shook your hand and later the head cashier queried the seven and six I charged you for the invisible repair!"

She was right. Philip saw it with a sudden sparkling clarity, as if the windows of his mind had been washed. He heard his voice, brittle with suppressed excitement.

"The money is all in pound and ten-shilling notes. No trouble there. We'd have to lie low for a week, then slip across to Eire. From there, I know how we could get to Portugal and then South America. I told you—I've planned every move a dozen times in my imagination. The first hour would be the only dangerous one."

"We can do it, Philip! We *must* do it!"

They had reached her lodgings. She took him into the dingy hall and clung to him in desperation.

"This is what we'll be escaping from," she said feverishly. "Can't you smell it? Stale food, wet macs and cheap floor polish. Love couldn't live in this atmosphere, and that's why I wouldn't let myself love you."

Her warm, soft body was moulded against his. He took her lips hungrily, like a starving man.

"And away from here?" he whispered.

"I'll be yours. All yours. We'll marry where and when we can. Nothing matters, as long as we're together."

Someone came clattering down the stairs, and went out slamming the door.

"We'll head for Bristol," Philip said, "and get across to Waterford. I know the ropes from one of our travellers. At Bristol we'll stay at a private hotel I know, until we can make the crossing. Will you be ready, Irene, a fortnight next Thursday?"

"Not before?"

"The taxi-driver is the snag. He knows the routine, but Thursday fortnight is the day the taxi-drivers give the kids from the orphanage their annual treat. The firm hires a car, and the driver won't be inquisitive."

It took more planning than Philip imagined, but even so, the day arrived all too soon. At two thirty the hired car was waiting. At

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Survival after death

Important new series based on a personal investigation of spiritualism in Britain today

SPIRITUALISM is far more widely practised in Britain today than ever before. Its basis is a confirmed belief in life after death. It is a matter of supreme significance to every human being.

Yet so complex is the subject and so often has it been distorted or presented piecemeal that millions who desperately want to know about it have not had a proper opportunity.

JOHN BULL has decided to meet the increasing curiosity about spiritualism in what it considers to be the most helpful and valid manner.

Starting next week, JOHN BULL will publish as a series the full story of a personal investigation by a man who, in his own words, "was a confirmed sceptic and had maintained a lifelong prejudice" against the psychic belief.

The author of the series, Reginald M. Lester, is a distinguished author and journalist who served in the last war as a lieutenant-colonel.

How he turned to spiritualism following the death of his wife and what he saw and heard in three years of painstaking research is described in simple, straightforward terms in his remarkable series of articles starting in next week's JOHN BULL.

THE NAKED ISLAND (4) by RUSSELL BRADDON

Journey into a jungle hell

Russell Braddon as he is today

Our Jap captors were smooth talkers. "Bring along your sick," they invited. "We are taking you to comfortable convalescent camps." Then we learned the real, awful purpose of our move —we were to be used as slave labour in a fever-ridden jungle

EARLY IN 1943 THE 10,000 Allied prisoners of war held by the Japanese at Changi, Singapore, were warned that parties were to be made ready to leave for Thailand. Those who remained, it was rumoured (correctly), were to build an aerodrome below Changi.

The Thailand parties, the Nips said, were to go to comfortable camps with plenty of rations. They pointed out that Thailand—unlike Malaya, which imports half the rice it eats—was self-supporting. They urged that sick men be included in the party lists so that they might convalesce. They suggested sweetly that band instruments—even a piano—might help to while away the leisure hours of those who were transplanted.

Thus, amidst a welter of contradictory reports, bribery, corruption, faked illness and genuine attempts to transfer hospital cases to better conditions, the first party—known as F Force—left Changi. It left with a large proportion of men who came direct from their beds in hospital, plus the piano, plus all sorts of paraphernalia suitable for a convalescent camp under a civilized foe.

A short time later a second party was conscripted, with Terai as its interpreter. He was a young, slim Japanese with a pleasant face, who had formerly been a professor of English in a Japanese university, and he was thought by us to be pro-British. Hugh Moore, one of my friends, was put on the list, though still a bed case in hospital. I, after much heart-searching (for I felt that all was not well with this Thailand venture) decided that I should go with him. I therefore severed all the strings which were being pulled on my behalf and, on the eve of H Force's departure, asked that my name be added.

Crammed Into Trucks

Next day we were crammed, thirty men and all our possessions, into each truck. As the train chugged over the causeway, back towards Kuala Lumpur, where I was first imprisoned, I found myself thinking that all this was most inauspicious. Thirty seconds later Singapore lay behind us. We steamed into Johore. We were to know no further peace of mind or body until, a year later, the fortunate survivors would cross that causeway again and get back on to the island.

The journey to Thailand was unpleasant. It took five days and our cattle trucks all seemed to be equipped with innumerable protuberances which stuck into one's back as one squatted or into one's head as one crouched under a roof which was too low to allow standing. By day the steel carriages scorched with the heat of the sun: by night they were like ice-boxes.

Water was the main difficulty. One could overlook the absence of food, but in that intense heat thirst became an obsession. We soon learned to

This picture was taken secretly by a p.o.w. working on the notorious Thailand "Railway of Death," built by p.o.w. slave labour for the Japanese. It shows prisoners carrying rice—practically the only type of food they got—from a store at a camp in the jungle

ILLUSTRATION BY RONALD SEARLE

My sham wire binding lasted about three seconds. Then, with a crash, Kanemoto plunged to earth

steal out whenever the train stopped and fill up one of the dixies from the engine—greasy water, but boiled, so consumable. Usually the two men who went on this expedition were caught and thrashed, but the expeditions continued.

We crossed the Thailand border and found Thailand no different from Malaya, except that its inhabitants were rather more energetic—especially in their thieving, at which they were most adept. And eventually the train ground to a halt and we were ordered out on to a rather dreary-looking platform.

The "Convalescent Camp" turned out to be native huts made of attap, mud-floored, littered with excrement, seething with flies, and in that condition of unspeakable filth which only Asiatics can attain. It was bad enough for fit men, but for those who had been uprooted from Changi's hospital it was like a death sentence.

Hid Radio In Accordion

Without warning, the Japs swept down on the camp and searched it—searched it for everything from weapons to wireless sets. Though they found nothing, it was only at the expense of our dumping all grenades, bayonets, daggers and machine-gun parts down the camp well. The radio, being secreted in an accordion which the gentleman who owned it played gaily and with no tune at all throughout the search, was not discovered.

The Japanese, through Terai, then ordered us to fill our water bottles and fall in for a night march. "How far?" we asked.

"Twenty miles," was the answer.

All that night we marched with our sacks and packs on our backs; the qualis and dixies and axes and other tools slung on poles and carried by pairs of men in turn; the sick, as they collapsed, being supported by those who were nearest. The Japs at the head of the column, marching with only a rifle, set a brisk pace which they refused to ease: and the Japs at the rear used a liberal rifle butt to ensure that this pace was maintained. The sun was scorching down again before we reached the next camp, on the banks of a swift-running river.

Without any hesitation, and in spite of the bellows of our guards, we squatted on our heels and glissaded down the almost sheer forty-foot clay bank of the river and into the coolness of water. For a few moments the cares of our coolie existence fell from us.

But the Japanese are not a nation who will happily allow their existence to be forgotten. Shots from the bank above indicated that they were not pleased. And when we looked up we saw why. In the torrent of the river we had all been washed some three or four hundred yards downstream and were still moving steadily on. Hurriedly we fought our way to the bank. There a further problem presented itself. We had no means of drying ourselves: the banks were almost sheer clay: our wet feet and limbs turned their practically vertical face to grease, and we were completely unable to make the ascent. One would get a few feet up and then hurtle backwards into the river again. No good the guards screaming (which they did with gusto); we just had to wait at the bottom until we were dry. When we did at last clamber up to the top, the guards gave practical demonstration of their displeasure.

Hell-hole Of Fever

The second night's march saw further casualties from exhaustion and the Nips' bad temper and when, in the morning, we reached a flat, parched piece of scrub, at which the guard called a halt, we just dropped where we stood and slept. When we woke we found that the Thais had been most active and had stolen everything that was not closely guarded.

We had halted, we found, outside Kanchina-buri, an old walled city and the last spot of civilization before the jungle belt that makes Thailand such a hell-hole of fever. We asked the Thais about previous parties, F Force, for example. The Thais, grinning amiably, pointed straight into the heart of the jungle and

Blood transfusion in a M.I. hut on the Thailand Railway. Denied drugs and instruments, Allied doctors often had to operate with crude tools fashioned from such things as spoons and dixies

Major Fagan, the Australian medical officer whose inspired service saved so many lives

mountains. So at last we knew for certain. The "Convalescent Camp" was a complete fiction. All the men in Thailand were to be used on the long-rumoured construction of a railway connecting Bangkok with Rangoon. Japanese losses at sea round the Malacca Straits and the Indian Ocean had been so enormous of late that they now proposed a land line of supply to their forces in Burma instead. We were to build that land line.

Remembering that the British, who first surveyed the route, had abandoned the prospect as impossible, because of the cost to human life involved in those fever-stricken mountains, it was difficult not to feel a little sick at heart.

No Heart For Singing

The Japanese gave us a cursory medical examination and a test for dysentery (a crude affair carried out with a glass rod, and designed rather to humiliate than diagnose, for we never once heard any results of these tests). Then they vaccinated each man by slashing his arm with a lancet and splashing serum on to the cut. Finally they injected a few drops of something which they declared was anti-cholera serum—cheerful thought—into one's arm.

Then, without more ado, amid torrential rain, we set out on the march. In a few minutes we left the road and puddled our way into the jungle. For the first time in my life I heard a British column start off on a long march without the cheerful sounds of singing. There were no marching songs that night, nor for any of the rest of the seven nights of the ordeal. Indeed, there was nothing to sing about!

Those hundred or so miles through the jungle are very confused now. They were repetitions of vicious bashings from guards of those who fell, of the plundering by Thais of stragglers, of slogging along through knee-deep mud in blinding rain and inky darkness. And each morning we would come to a staging camp, each successive camp more primitive and foul than the last—attap shelters which leaked and whose mud floors were littered with filth of every kind.

There were highlights, of course. The way when any man fell his comrades, however exhausted themselves, at once picked him up and carried him until his strength returned sufficiently to enable him to march on alone. The way men accepted their share of the impedimenta and carried it for their allotted time and then passed it on, with never a complaint or a thought of cheating on their shift.

Above all, there was the extraordinary courage and gentleness, and the incredible endurance, of the medical officer, Major Kevin Fagan. Not only did he treat any man needing treatment to the best of his ability; he also carried men who fell; he carried the kit of men in danger of falling, and he marched up and down the whole length of the column throughout its entire progress. If we marched 100 miles through the jungle, Kevin Fagan marched 200. And when, at the end of our night's trip, we collapsed and slept, he was there to clean blisters, set broken bones and render first aid. And all of it he did with the courtesy of a society specialist who is being richly paid for his attention, and the ready humour of a man who is not tired at all. With Padre Noel Duckworth, whom I met in Pudu Jail, Kuala Lumpur, he is the most inspiring man I have ever met. Some twenty thousand British and Australian troops share my view.

Praise From Rocky Ned

"That man," observed a complete moron called Rocky Ned, who normally appreciated nothing, "is a bloody saint." When a personality impresses itself upon the mentality of Rocky Ned, and when an Australian is so far overcome as to call anyone a "saint," then, indeed, you are in the presence of a great man.

Like all worthwhile saints, however, Major Fagan possessed a goodly streak of earthy realism. On our first night in the jungle a nuggety little man with close-cropped hair and a cauliflower ear suddenly dropped moaning in front of me. My companion at that time was a lad called Roy Death. Anxiously we surveyed the body at our feet and asked it what was wrong.

"It's me legs," gasped the fallen man. "They won't move." By this time the end of the column had passed us and a guard was already waving his rifle round in a most disagreeable manner.

"Is it cramp, Smokey?" asked Roy.

"No, it's me legs," said Smokey again. "They won't move."

Roy looked at me and said: "We'll have to carry him." I am not a charitable person, and Smokey was one of the men on the force whom I liked least. Even I, however, realized that Smokey could not be left to the tender mercies of our guards and the Thais, so we divided his gear between us and then picked him up, and for two hours we carried him, his paralysed legs dragging in the slush between us. Finally we managed to catch up the tail of our column and in a few moments the ubiquitous Fagan appeared.

Kick In The Pants

With a swift glance at the three of us, he said to Roy: "All right, sonny, I'll take your place." For this I was grateful. Roy had dysentery and carrying Smokey had been difficult for him. Fagan slipped Smokey's arm over his shoulder and then said, as we jogged along, Smokey's feet still dragging stiffly through the mud: "Now, laddy, what's the trouble?"

"Me legs," said Smokey piteously. "They won't move."

Quickly Fagan laid him down and looked at him. Then he crossed to me and said: "Kick him in the seat of the pants. Hard." I thought it very sad that our best officer should have to go mad at this juncture, and looked at him in dismay. "Go on," urged Fagan, "boot him." Mad as a March Hare, I thought, and did nothing. Impatiently Fagan strode over to prostrate Smokey and applied a vigorous boot to his paralysed posterior. With a howl of pain, all symptoms of paralysis vanished. Smokey leaped to his feet and fled.

"Playing possum," Fagan explained. Roy Death looked rueful. "Guess that's the easiest couple of hours' march he's ever had," he said.

On the night of our march to Tarsao—probably the foulest of all the staging camps—it rained with increased fury and our casualties became serious. Early in the march one of our number

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Robin Hood Todd's code for a star

by DAVID CLAYTON

After the first lean years, he resolved to be anything but an actor. Swooping from Dundee to Dietrich showed him that it's not so tough at the top—but he still has no illusions

WHEN Richard Andrew Palethorpe-Todd, better known and frequently raved over these days as Richard Todd of Elstree and Hollywood, took his first walk down Fifth Avenue in New York City in January, 1950, a lot of people turned, stared and smiled.

Todd wondered why, and so did his wife of five months, the former Kitty Bogle, who had accompanied him on this New York trip en route to Hollywood, hoping for a delayed honeymoon. Todd knew that he was not unknown to whatever proportion of the smiling passers-by on Fifth Avenue read the film magazines, which were just then telling of his meteoric rise to stardom in *The Hasty Heart* and *Stage Fright* ("Dundee to Dietrich in fifteen months," said the newspapers). But, being honest with himself, he was not long in seeing that the smiles were of amusement rather than admiration. Kitty Todd was sure her slip was showing, but finally Richard Todd decided it was his bowler hat, neatly rolled umbrella and gloves.

American reporters made a lot of that umbrella and the bowler hat, and retailed the story of how Todd had brought the outfit (some called it, a little unkindly, "the Richard Todd dude outfit") in order that he should be properly dressed for his first onslaught on Hollywood.

This, as Todd has had to explain many times since, is not strictly correct. Whenever he is in a big town, he says, he dresses correctly. The fact that correct New Yorkers did not run to bowlers and umbrellas had never once occurred to him. "In Hollywood, where it was very hot," he says, "I soon changed to the more informal slacks and sports shirts. But I didn't go overboard and slouch around in those gaudy beachcomber things that most people affect. In clothes, as in everything else, it is important to keep a sense of proportion."

Glamour begins for the Todds—at the première of *The Hasty Heart*, first of his big successes

All through Todd's short, swift and highly profitable career (his rise from obscure repertory actor in Dundee to playing opposite Dietrich actually took eighteen, not fifteen, months) runs this theme that acting is not the be-all and end-all of life. "A performer's prime task," he has said, "is to watch himself, and keep a sharp look-out for the first sign of going off the rails."

Whisked To Stardom

Todd has made only a handful of films. He started with a short picture which he never talks about, a modest first offering called *For Them That Trespass* which few remember. Then came *The Hasty Heart*, which whisked him to stardom, won him awards and set Hollywood on his trail. They turned him into a cow-puncher of Spanish descent in *Lightning Strikes Twice*. He also made *Interrupted Journey*, *Stage Fright*, *Portrait of Clare* and *Flesh and Blood*. His latest starring rôle is in Walt Disney's *Robin Hood*, with a world première at the Leicester Square Theatre on March 13, in aid of the National Advertising Benevolent Society.

In four years Todd, moving steadily upward in reputation, has acquired an American following which, if fan letters are any gauge, is unequalled by any other British star today. In that time, too, he has moved up socially from Belgravia to Mayfair and then, when finances allowed it (and not one minute before) from Mayfair to Maidenhead and a house with sixteen rooms, five bathrooms, an historical legend ("Dick Turpin slept here"), a miniature swimming pool, and a Bentley in the two-car garage.

There, in the triple rôle of country gentleman, shrewd business man and contracted actor, Richard Todd, with his wife as co-partner of Richard Todd Theatrical Enterprises, Limited, plans the future and reads novels, biographies and plays in the search for possible film material. "I can't afford to hire a Maugham or a Hemingway to write stories for me," explains Todd the business man. "That is why Kitty and I read anything that may be remotely suitable. Our aim is to find some unknowns and nurse them along in a practical way."

There was much discussion among the two partners before the Maidenhead log fire as to whether Todd was too short for the part of Robin Hood, who is always depicted as a giant. Todd, who is shorter than appears from the published studio statistics (which make him out to be five feet eleven), was assured that

The part for which Richard Todd made his own conditions : a *Robin Hood* scene with Joan Rice

historical researchers had found that Robin Hood was no giant, either physically or mentally. Todd also wanted an undertaking that he would not be expected to play the outlaw as a combination of twelfth-century Tarzan and a costumed Errol Flynn. He won his point there, too. In the film, Todd shows that he can ride a horse, battle with staves, use a bow, fight with fists, and woo a maid as well as the next man.

Todd learned to act in a hard school. The son of a Regular soldier who was also a rugger international, his first ambition was to write for the stage, and to do this he joined a small repertory company in Abergavenny, which made periodic forays into Welsh mining towns in a valiant effort to make ends meet. Among the members of this company was Sally Rogers, who now stars with Jimmy Edwards and Dick Bentley in *Take It From Here*. She sprang to fame in a wartime Forces programme by always signing off with a provocative click-click of her pretty white teeth. Those who were in the company at Abergavenny with her before the war now say that she learned that click-click there, and that the daily shortage of food, plus the cold of fireless rooms, made it easy.

Secret He Managed To Keep

The experience left its mark on Todd and when, flat broke, he enlisted in the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, he decided not to tell a soul that he was an actor. He kept the secret to himself through a cold winter in Iceland, during the Normandy landings (he was one of the first officers to parachute in), and also during his service in Cyprus and Palestine. By the time his number came up for demobilization he had almost—but not quite—succeeded in conditioning himself to the Army's attitude to entertainment, which is, roughly, that while actresses may have their uses, actors have none. He was resolved to become anything but an actor in the postwar world.

In this frame of mind he returned to London and set up in a small bachelor flat in Belgravia with two other ex-officers. They were a little disappointed to find that Todd did not look or live in the way a "normal" actor should. He did not wear long hair, a camel-hair coat, nor sloppy slacks. It is true that, like all

In this film he shows that he can ride, fight with his fists and use a bow as well as anyone

Lunch with Marlene Dietrich, with whom he starred in Hitchcock's *Stage Fright*. At first, he admits, he was afraid of the director, whose methods got on his nerves

actors since the beginning of time, he lay in bed long after his friends had gone to their jobs in the City, dressed in the conventional business suit with bowler tilted over the eyebrows and umbrella neatly furled. Nevertheless, they noticed that when he did at last go out he, too, wore a respectable suit and tilted bowler, and his umbrella (the same one that caused amusement years later on Fifth Avenue) was even more neatly rolled than theirs.

Farming Before Filming

It was in this uniform, in between looking for a job as estate manager, that he called at the office of Robert Lennard, who had once been his agent. Lennard had been appointed casting director of Associated British Pictures, and was looking for new talent. He asked Todd if he was interested, and Todd, a little brusquely, said that, if given the choice, any man in his senses would rather farm than film any day.

Wisely, Bob Lennard suggested that he should take a holiday before making up his mind. By adroit suggestion he talked Todd into paying a visit to his old friends in the Dundee repertory theatre which he had helped to found before the war. Todd had gone short of food and cigarettes there, too, but eventually decided to take Lennard's advice. With bowler and umbrella, Todd went north, took over where he had left off in 1939 and played Yank in the stage version of *The Hasty Heart* (Ronald Reagan played it in the film, and Todd was the soured, misanthropic Lachie). In due course he went to Elstree, engaged to marry, and obtained a seven-year contract which started somewhere round the £25-a-week mark.

The studio knew that they had found a new star as soon as rushes of *The Hasty Heart* were screened. There were cables between Elstree and Hollywood about future plans and future stories. Warners decided to hold a rushed première in Hollywood, complete with searchlights, a pipe-band flown in specially from Vancouver, ushers dressed in kilts, and tickets printed with a tartan design. Warners had hoped that Todd could attend the première, too, but it was impossible. At that time Todd was working hard opposite Marlene Dietrich, Sybil Thorndyke, Jane Wyman and Alastair Sim in Hitchcock's production of *Stage Fright*. "Like most people, I was afraid of Hitch at first," Todd now confesses, "but once you get to understand him he isn't so bad underneath. At least, not quite so bad."

Hitchcock had summoned Todd to meet him at the Savoy. Todd, as he knew he would be, was treated to the opening conversational gambit for which Hitchcock is world-famous. "Actors," said "Hitch," folding his hands across his ample lap, "all actors are cattle. Remember that. Now, do you still want to work for me?" Todd said he did—provided the script was suitable. Hitchcock grunted, told him to read it and come back next day. Todd did so and suggested certain changes, which Hitchcock made, though grudgingly.

All through the early stages Hitchcock treated Todd in an offhand way. "Those little side remarks get me down," Todd confided to a friend at the time. "You're never quite sure if he means them. He says something, and you start worrying. He keeps on needling you and, although you know it's only his way of getting the best out of you as an actor, it can be tough on the nerves."

Even Columnists Were Friendly

Towards the end of the film, *The Hasty Heart* was given its première in the West End. Next day the newspapers were full of praise for Todd, naming him as the biggest find in British films since before the war. "Hitchcock must have read the papers, too," says Todd today. "Things were smoother after that."

By and large, things have gone smoothly for Todd ever since. Through his innate sense of what is "correct," he managed to make many friends in Hollywood and to offend nobody. When Hollywood's leading film columnist commanded the Todds to appear before her to tell the story of their lives, they were there on time. The columnist was pleased to announce that the Todds were "the two nicest and sincerest kids I have met in many years." Other writers said the same. Todd even got on well with the studio cowboys, whose job it was to teach him to ride horses cowboy style.

It was from these experts that Todd learned that the wise cowboy actor lets the horse do the work. In the words of "Whitey" Sachs, one of Hollywood's most famous trainers, who took Todd under his wing: "These horses know more about camera angles than any drugstore cowboy. Just leave it all to them. Most of 'em know the plot of the story as well. Anyway, it's always the same story, ain't it?"

Todd's good manners must in turn have had an effect on the cowboys with whom he worked at Victorville, a small and ugly cowtown not far from Hollywood. Todd had gone there on location, and when the news came through that he had been nominated for an Oscar, the local newspaper announced: "Prominent Victorville Citizen Nominated For Hollywood Prize." The local equivalent of the city fathers gave him a civic reception, although Todd, who has few illusions about such matters, feels that the studio publicity department footed most of the bill.

Baffled By A Legpull

As he got to know the cowboys better he found that they had begun to moderate their earthy language whenever he and his wife were around. Instead of hootin', hollerin' and cussin' as he had read they did, he found that they were strangely quiet. The climax came when "Whitey" Sachs took to moving the horses away behind some bushes after each meal, having first half bowed to Mrs. Todd and announced: "Excuse me, ma'am, but in my opinion it is time these hyar horses went to the bathroom." The Todds have not yet made up their minds if he was pulling their legs or not.

Back from Hollywood, Todd started to consolidate. He has been back to America twice since. This month, he is off to Venice to play the lead in Victor Canning's *Venetian Bird* (which was first serialized in JOHN BULL). Later in the year he is to star in *The Dam Busters* (also serialized in JOHN BULL), and has already started his researches into the part. Some time this year, too, he plans to buy a farm in Dorset.

"Of course I'll film as long as they want me," he explains with obvious sincerity, "but I've no illusions about changing tastes. That can come at any time. Now, big-scale farming—that's a man's job. With the right kind of money and the right kind of help I could make a go of it. That would be real living." THE END

LITTLE WILLIE

by ROWAN AYERS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE UPTTON

The old man wanted his son to be brought up properly. Very creditable, said the mate. Three weeks on this old tub should just about bring everything up

SKIPPER GEORGE TAVERNER stood impatiently on the small wing of the trawler's bridge and looked again at the quayside. The Notleys were still there. Father, mother and son; standing imperturbably beside the large, shiny car. They had been there for twenty minutes; twenty precious minutes during which the wind had got up a little, the tide had turned, and the last grey light of day had finally faded out of the sky.

Under normal circumstances the *Carlotta* would already have been clear of the harbour, heading out into the North Sea on her way to the fishing grounds, her crew already settling down into the hard routine of a three-week trip.

But the ship was still there; still fast to the quayside.

Up forrard, on the high turtle-back of the fo'c'sle, two of the hands were standing by the breast ropes. Aft, under the lee of the galley, two more were waiting to let go the stern. They, too, had been standing in the cold, drizzly rain for nearly half an hour, and in the steady stamping of their feet there was an angry note of impatience.

Only "Pansy" Drake, the mate with the battered ex-naval cap, the greasy ex-naval duffle coat, and the shiny ex-naval half-boots remained entirely disaffected. For him, twenty minutes didn't make much difference one way or the other. Towards the comings and goings of the fishing fleet in general, and the *Carlotta* in particular, the mate had developed a stoical indifference that only the prospects of a record catch, or a new woman, could materially affect. At the moment, as he stood beside his skipper, sucking a damp brown cigarette, there seemed little likelihood of either.

Their hunting grounds in the White Sea were as empty of fish—the right sort of fish—as the streets of Grimsby were of women—the right sort of women; for Cyril "Pansy" Drake was very particular.

"What's holding 'em, for cryin' out loud?" demanded the skipper, fumbling in his pocket for one of his herbal cigarettes.

Pansy shrugged. "Mother love," he suggested. "She don't like the idea of weaning little Willie on fish juice. . . ."

The skipper grunted, and inhaled a fierce, aromatic puff of smoke. "I'll give him fish juice," he said after several minutes of reflection. "It'll be squirting out of his flaming ears by the time we're through with him."

The mate looked again at the three figures standing beneath one of the arc-lights on the quay.

"What's the idea, skip? Holiday trip?"

George Taverner blew through his lips—the only way he knew how to express contempt. "Experience," he said. "The old man wants his boy to be brought up proper."

"Very creditable," said Pansy, smiling. "Very creditable indeed. Three weeks on this old cow should just about bring everything up."

Five minutes later, young William Notley, son and heir to S. P. Notley, and the Espion Fisheries (England), Ltd., clambered aboard the *Carlotta* with a small suitcase, and shook hands with Taverner. He was a tall, pale boy of eighteen, with a hard, thin mouth and uncertain grey eyes that focused, as he spoke, on some point beyond the skipper's shoulder.

"All ready?" he asked, as he took his hand from Taverner's nut-cracker hold.

"We've been ready thirty-five minutes," the skipper said quietly. "Mr. Drake'll show you your quarters. . . ."

The *Carlotta* had had passengers before—S. P. Notley himself, on a couple of occasions. But young Notley was the first who'd come out to work.

"Treat him like any deckie-learner," the old man had told the skipper at the conference. "He don't want nothing preferential. Let him learn it the hard way, the only way. I don't want no bloody sleeping partner in Espion."

The skipper turned angrily. "I'm telling you what to do, not asking your advice," he snapped

THE skipper had been embarrassed. He admired and respected the old man, and understood him. There wasn't much about the game he didn't know, and he'd started at the bottom, slitting the guts out of fish in the heaving, stinking holds of the old sailormen. He was entitled now to sit back and watch the money floating in.

But his son was different. He'd been to school, a good school, where the only fish he'd seen had been served up delicately at breakfast, and probably under some fancy French name. He'd never smelt the appalling stench of a full hold, or known the cruel ravages of salt-water boils. He'd never lived in a crowded, stuffy fo'c'sle with a gang of tough, hard-swearing fishermen, or been forced to stand in the biting, driving spray of the White Sea as the trawl was hauled in.

But above all, he and the skipper had never got along well on the few occasions of their meetings. There'd been something haughty, resentful, almost contemptuous about young Willie's attitude.

"My father will see you in a few minutes, Taverner," he'd said once when George had called on the house. "Wait here, will you?"

And then his mother had called him. "William dear," George had heard her say, "do be a darling and try and entertain the skipper; but don't take him into the living-room. . . ."

George had wanted to spit. Only the unbelievable polish of the parquet flooring had prevented him.

This trip was to be important in other ways, too. For a long time the catches had been below average, and the skipper had been working on a theory.

"Tell you what, S. P.," he'd said at the meeting before they sailed, "I've got a hunch them cod is moving more southward the last few years. We picked up a bunch on the echo-sounder two trips ago, and they was well out of their usual streets. 'Bout a hundred, hundred and fifty mile."

S. P. merely shrugged. The scientific use of

he Notleys stood chatting by their large, shiny car. The skipper had been waiting twenty minutes

the echo-sounder was still something he didn't approve of. If the fish were there, a trawler skipper should know. You could feel them moving about under the surface like you could feel someone else in a darkened room. You didn't have to send out some electric current and tickle 'em under the chin and say, "Are you there, Cod-Face?" and wait for the reply. That wasn't fishing. Not as S. P. understood it.

"Give it a try if you like," he said. "But don't waste too much time." He, in his turn, admired and respected the skipper.

Now, as the *Carlotta* cleared Spurn Head and picked up a stiff quartering sea, George Taverner reflected on the two objectives before him, and was anxious to prove himself right in both. The one for the sake of the firm, and his livelihood; and the other for the sake of justifying the smouldering, inexpressible bitterness that he felt towards the new generation of what he called "half men."

"Mr. Drake," he said good humouredly, when the mate joined him in his small steamy cabin, "I hope you aired the boy's bed proper, and picked out all the bugs."

The mate pushed his battered cap a few centimetres farther back on his head, and displayed a magnificent row of hard, white teeth. "Sure, Skip," he said. "I picked 'em out myself, by hand. But that doesn't say he won't bring none in 'imself. Nice scented ones, eh, Skipper? With frilly white legs, and fancy trimmings. The boys'll be fighting for 'em afore we know where we are."

"I don't want any nonsense," said the skipper, a little more firmly. "Keep an eye on 'im, any road."

"Ay ay, sir," said Pansy, clicking to attention, and paying tribute in a wild, mock salute.

On the small table the skipper had spread a chart of the White Sea. On it a large number of lines and crosses still showed in spite of the regular cleansing of the rubber.

"I think," said the skipper prodding the chart with a pencil, "we'll go down to the south'ard this time. It's where we picked up that school two months back." He felt much easier talking about the things he understood.

"Maybe you're right, Skip. I've got a bit tired of the scenery over there, anyway."

At that moment, the door to the cabin opened and Willie Notley walked in, clad now in a thick, oiled-wool jersey, a new balaclava and tall seaboots. The skipper looked up irritably. His crew usually knocked before they dared to come into his cabin.

"What's the programme?" asked Willie, taking in the cabin and gazing briefly at the skipper's prized photograph of *Carlotta* in her full war-paint.

Pansy Drake looked down at the deck. He knew roughly how the skipper felt about kids like young Willie.

"I understood Mr. Drake has already told you what to do." George found himself struggling to pronounce his words carefully, and it irritated him.

"I mean," pursued Willie, pointing at the chart, "where's it to be this time?"

"We was just working it out," said George. He wanted to say: "Mind your own flaming business, and get back below"; but he didn't feel sure enough of himself yet. That would come in due course.

"Father tells me you've got some idea that the cod are coming south."

"Sure," interposed the mate. "They like a drop o' warm, like the rest of us."

"Has that been proved?"

The skipper felt his mouth drop open, and he looked to Pansy for help. Had it been proved? What the hell was all this?

"Certainly," said the mate, spreading out his arms as if to emphasize the point. "We met

one last month, on his way to Brighton, and going like the clappers he was. Didn't want to be late for dinner at one of them luxury hotels."

"All right, Mr. Drake," said the skipper, who was trying hard to keep his temper. "I'd like a word with—with Mr. Notley myself. . . ."

"O.K., sir." Even as Pansy walked down the narrow, lurching gangway to the wheelhouse, he heard the skipper going to work. This time in his natural tones.

"Now look 'ere, Notley," came the gruff, angry voice, "this is my ship and while you're aboard of 'er, you ain't nothing to do with your father. . . ."

In fact, mused Pansy as he joined the cox'n at the wheel, he wondered if little Willie would ever have had a father by the time the skipper was finished with him.

THE wind died down in the night, and left a long, undulating swell. The *Carlotta* heaved and laboured across it like a tired swimmer; rolling her scuppers under, and forcing the men on watch to jam themselves against something solid to save themselves from tumbling.

In the early hours of the morning, Willie came up to the wheelhouse to do a spell of watch-keeping with Angus, the tough, curly-headed seaman from Stornoway, who spoke mostly in monosyllables.

"Wha' the wan' a dee, mon?" he demanded, after Willie had stood silently beside him for twenty minutes.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Wha' the wan' a dee? Tak' er?"

Angus offered him the wheel. Sullenly Willie changed places and peered into the dimly lighted binnacle. The dressing-down by the skipper had left him chilled and angry, and he was beginning to feel a little sick.

"Nur-nur-ee," explained Angus, giving him the course. "An' tak' 'er firm, or she'll get awa'. . . ."

The *Carlotta* was wallowing badly in the beam sea, and Willie found himself clutching the spokes tightly in order to keep his balance. When she started to swing, he could scarcely keep the wheel from spinning itself out of his grasp, and several times Angus had to help him get her back on course.

The steady, intensive rolling began to sap his strength, and behind his knees he could feel damp patches of perspiration forming, as if the muscles in his legs were slowly melting and oozing out through his skin. Round his neck the roll of his collar felt rough and tight and choking. Only the jets of cold morning air that stabbed him through the open windows saved him from collapsing and retching in some dark corner of the wheelhouse.

At the first light of dawn the skipper came in, holding a hot cup of thick, oily cocoa.

"Right, Notley?" he asked, seeing the drawn, pale face. Willie said nothing. His mouth felt dry, and tasted bad. He knew if he opened it now it could only be to vomit.

"Right, Angus?" asked the skipper, ignoring the obvious silence.

"Reet," said Angus, nodding. "Reet enoo'. . . ."

When Angus and Willie were relieved, the skipper was still there. In a way he felt guilty about lamming into the boy so early in the trip. He was, after all, only a bumptious kid, and the whole thing was new. There'd be enough for him to cope with in another three or four days, once the trawls were out and the fish began to come in. But he still had to learn a bit of discipline. Once he'd had his pride crammed back down his throat, he'd probably shape up well enough.

From the bridge, he watched Willie stagger slowly forward towards the fo'c'sle, holding on to the guard-rail for support, and stopping every now and then to bend over the side. . . .

FOR the next two days the weather held good, and Willie fought his way out of the cramping, crippling sickness that had eventually overpowered him. But his face had become waxy and sallow, and his eyes were heavy and red through lack of sleep.

Conditions in the fo'c'sle were extremely uncomfortable. Even the smallest waves seemed to throw *Carlotta's* bigh, raking bows into the air, and battered against the plates in a succession of bone- and nerve-shattering blows. And as she plunged back again into the deep troughs, it felt as if she were going down for ever, like some submarine suddenly flooding and canting over in her final, fatal dive. But she always came back, shaking herself free of the swirling green water, and breaking it savagely into a million hissing fragments of spray that spattered against the superstructure like soft lead pellets.

And yet the watch in the wheelhouse became easier. There was a definite knack in holding the wheel, and Willie found it no longer strained his arms or hurt his legs to keep the trawler on course, and even Angus became more intelligible.

"Wha' thee thing noo?" he kept asking, as curious as the rest of the crew to discover what little Willie reckoned to an undiluted dose of the sea.

"All right," said Willie, a little uncertainly. "In fact, I'm beginning to enjoy it."

"'Joy it?" queried Angus unbelievingly. "You're no reet in the head, mon. No mon canna 'joy the sea."

Early on the fifth morning, the skipper came up on to the bridge and stayed, silently scanning the cold, colourless ocean about him. They were now somewhere near the possible new area, and he was anxious not to miss any feel of the place that might help to confirm his suspicions of the southward movement of the fish. It was a gamble, he knew; and they could waste a lot of time groping about in an area that had never before been known to yield anything at all; and time was very easily convertible into fish, and fish into money.

Old Notley, he knew, hadn't much faith in his hunch, and neither, it seemed, had his son. The subject hadn't been raised since the first impertinent discussion; but George knew that beneath that young, cheerless face, and behind the grey, weary eyes, there lurked a definite challenge. "All right," the boy's whole attitude seemed to say, "you're the skipper; but don't forget I'm the owner's son, and if you make a mess of this trip, you're answerable to him, and indirectly to me. You can bully me as much as you like at sea, but the boot'll be on the other foot when we get back. . . ."

The skipper called the mate in. "Sure," Pansy said, when Taverner showed him where he intended to fish. "Anywhere here'll do me. Put 'em in and let's get weaving."

George also called Willie in to have a look at the chart. "We're just about here, Notley," he said, marking a small cross on the paper. "And we're going to stream the trawls in about another half an hour. We haven't ever fished this area before, and I'm only acting on a hunch. . . ."

"I know," interrupted Willie. "And I think you're wasting your time. There've never been any fish in this area. . . ."

George turned on him. "Shut up," he said roughly. "I'm telling you what I'm going to do, not asking your advice. I thought you'd have learnt that by now."

Willie glowered, but said nothing.

"Now get down with the rest of 'em, and try an' pick up something useful that end. I'll look after my business, thank you, and you bloody well look after yours. And remember, there won't be no schoolmaster down there to put it all up on a blackboard, and there won't be no mummy to go running to when your hands begin to ache and stink and swell. Now get out before I lose my temper."

As the boy went, there was a superior, sceptical look on his face that made the hair on the back of George's head rise in anger; but he resisted the urge to go across and smack him in the mouth.

It's funny, he thought, when the door was shut and he was left alone, but the kid had spirit. There weren't many youngsters who'd stand up to the skipper on their first voyage and come back for more.

He looked at his watch and switched on the radio to get the weather report, which, he noted with satisfaction, was good.

He somehow wanted the trip to be an easy one—an easy and a successful one; though he recognized that the two motives were fiercely conflicting.

"Before the news," said the smooth, calm voice on the radio, "here is an S O S. It is for Notley." There was a pause. "Will William Stanley Notley, at present aboard the fishing trawler *Carlotta* somewhere in the North Sea, go at once to the Royal Victoria Hospital, Grimsby, where his father, Mr. Samuel Phillip Notley, is dangerously ill." The skipper looked

Continued on page 34

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

HE was the fourth son of his parents and the only one who survived. He, too, nearly died, at the age of seven, from a bad attack of smallpox, but he lived to bear the marks throughout his life. His father, an operative in a shoe factory, died when he was eleven and his mother was forced to go out washing and sewing to pay for his schooling. She called him by the pet name of Soso.

"Soso was always a good boy," his mother said. "I never had occasion to punish him. He studied hard, always reading or discussing, trying to understand everything. His father wanted to make Soso a good shoemaker, but I did not want him to be a shoemaker. I wanted only one thing—that he should become a priest."

So he went to the church school. But while he was there

he read Darwin's *Origin of Species*. One day he turned to a school friend and declared: "You know, they are fooling us. There is no God. I'll lend you a book to read; it will show you that the world and all living things are quite different from what you imagine. . . ."

Nevertheless, he graduated to a priests' training college. He was not happy there.

"That place teemed with spies, and there was no end to deceitful tricks. While we had our morning tea, the tutors would rummage about in our drawers and papers in the dormitories. Quite similarly, they would, in their never-ending suspicions, rummage about in our souls. That was the thing I couldn't stand. It turned me into a rebel."

He introduced books into the college which were banned by the authorities. He joined others in the town who were plotting a revolution. His teachers found out, and he was expelled as "politically unreliable." So he gave all his time to organizing revolt.

For the name of the young revolutionary, turn to page 35

Rugby League's tough giant

by STANLEY RUSSELL

Arthur Clues usually gives more than he takes in a game where "you go for the man and ignore the ball"

Tongue out, every muscle strained, Arthur Clues scores a try for Leeds against Huddersfield

THE MAIN DIFFERENCE between Rugby League football and all-in wrestling is that one of them is played on the run, with twenty-six players and a ball. The ball is handled far more gently than any of the contestants.

To make his mark on the game a player must have the ruggedness of a tank and the resilience of foam rubber. Ears have been known to come adrift in a tackle, and any player who leaves the field without at least a couple of half-crown size bruises will not brag about it.

Rugby players are philosophical about all this, and a little surprised at the fuss other people make. Arthur Clues, twenty-seven year old Australian International, and second-row forward of Leeds Rugby League F.C., puts the players' view simply and vividly.

"Some chaps use shoulder pads or strap themselves up," he says, "but I don't see much point in it. If you're going to get a bump or a sprain in this game you will need more than a bit of padding or adhesive tape to help you. When you make a tackle you try to go for the hips or legs, keeping your head behind your opponent so that he won't fall on top of you. As a rule there isn't much damage then, but sometimes you have to go for anywhere that's handy."

Arthur Clues has himself been nursing a damaged eye, which happened either when someone jabbed an elbow in his face or when he hit the ground as a result of the encounter. It should be added that he is more often on the giving than the receiving end. He stands six foot one and a half inches and weighs fifteen and a half stone, which gives him little opportunity to meet anybody bigger.

Sent Off—For Missing

There was, however, one occasion—a Test Match between Australia and England at Sydney in 1946—when he was ordered off the field for deliberately striking at an opponent. That word "at" is important. "I was really sent off for missing him," claims Arthur. "There had been a bit of rough stuff, with some of the English players taking a quiet dig at our fellows. Something annoyed me, and I swung a punch at Gus Risman, the English captain. Gus saw it coming and ducked, and I missed by a couple of feet. The referee saw it, too, and ordered me off the field. At the official inquiry, the referee told me: 'I sent you off because you missed him and made yourself look a fool. If you'd got in closer and hit him I might not have seen it!'"

That was the second major social blunder in Clues's athletic career. The first had eased him out of the all-amateur fifteen-a-side Union version of Rugby into the thirteen-a-side professional game. It happened when he was asked one day to be linesman, or touch judge, for his R.U. team instead of playing.

"I was getting on fine until there was a sudden breakaway by the other side. With none of my team near, there was nothing to stop them from scoring. I forgot I was supposed to be neutral—I just threw away my flag and dived in to tackle. For that, the Australian Rugby Union suspended me for life, though I played a few games without being found out."

A Rugby League club in Sydney offered Clues professional terms. He was so eager to play again, with a clean conduct sheet so far as Rugby League was concerned, that he overlooked the usual question about a signing-on fee. Rugby League professionals—there are hundreds of others who play as amateurs—differ from soccer professionals in that many of them receive a small fortune for signing a contract to play for one club for an agreed number of years. A soccer star is restricted to a £10 signing fee, whatever his fame; in rugby, the current bait is £5,000 to a top-line Rugby Union man to forsake his amateur status. The size of the fee depends on the player's ability, international reputation, and estimated drawing power—and the wealth of the club seeking to engage him.

Clues, the first of so many Australians and New Zealanders to come to Britain since the war that they play as "Other Nationalities" in the four-cornered international tournament, received £1,000 from Leeds, a small sum by later standards, which is to be increased under a new contract.

Bonus For Every Win

In addition to the signing fee there are match payments, which average about £10 a week. There is no minimum and maximum wage system as in soccer; at Leeds, players get a set fee of £7 for a home match and £9 for playing away, plus a £4 bonus every time they win. Other clubs pay a smaller basic wage but a higher win bonus, which sometimes draws complaints from the players that evenly contested games tend to become unnecessarily rough towards the finish.

These low payments, compared with the £14 plus £2 win bonus that a top-class soccer professional can earn, are due more to League policy than to club poverty, for in the League strongholds in Lancashire and Yorkshire the game rivals soccer as a public attraction.

The Rugby League was formed in 1895 as a breakaway movement from the Rugby Union on the question of broken-time payments for loss of work, and to this day the principle is observed that a player shall not regard football as his full-time occupation. Consequently, all Rugby League professionals are part-timers, and none draws summer wages—a luxury reserved

for soccer. Clues has two other occupations. In the mornings and afternoons he is games master at Leeds City High School, and outside school hours he attends to a sports shop he owns near the centre of the city. Tuesday and Thursday evenings are devoted to training by floodlight at the Leeds ground. In summer he plays cricket as professional for Headingley.

"I used to be a policeman back home in Sydney, but I should never have got anywhere," he says. "All I seemed to do was pick up drunks, drive a few blocks, talk to 'em and turn 'em loose. How could I bring a charge against someone who didn't know what was going on?"

A friendly, cheerful character himself, Clues describes Rugby League crowds in Britain as "marvellous, compared with those in Australia."

"Back home," he says, "you shut your ears to the bad language and keep your eyes open for the bottles they're liable to chuck at you. In Leeds, they not only write for autographs and send encouraging notes, but some supporters even give us diagrams showing the way to exploit weaknesses in our opponents' defence. If we followed all the directions we'd run ourselves dizzy—but we appreciate the thought."

Soon after Clues reached England, a soccer enthusiast explained the difference in the two codes as: "In Rugby League you go for the man and ignore the ball. In soccer, it's the other way round."

But Clues has long since been disillusioned. "Soccer has been spoiled for me by the dirty tricks I've seen," he says. "It's much rougher than Rugby League. I was at a first division match recently where the centre-forward and an opponent went up together to head the ball. The forward crumpled up from a couple of punches to the stomach before he got there.

"The referee took no notice. We'd never get away with that in our game; the offender would get marching orders straight away. Nor should we be allowed to protest at decisions as soccer players do. Rugby League referees have much stricter control, and we daren't argue with them." But Rugby League players are not angels. The favourite dodge is to make dissenting remarks in a dialect the referee does not understand. Australianese is particularly rich in picturesque phrases, but the "Other Nationalities" admit that they envy the Welshmen, who seem to have a code of their own.

Three of Clues's Leeds clubmates, out-half (or stand-off) Dickie Williams, scrum-half Dai Jenkins, and loose forward Ike Owens, often baffled opponents by a move which they openly discussed in Welsh while the teams were forming a scrummage.

Usually it succeeded, but in one match it was blocked every time. The Welshmen were puzzled, until an opponent called out: "It's all right, boys. I come from Cardiff, too!"

The most startling remark Clues has ever heard during a match came during an "under eighteen" game in which he played ten years ago.

"Though we knew that some of the players must have been seventeen for a long time, no one bothered about asking for birth certificates. I noticed that one of our opponents looked like a very much older brother of his partner, but I didn't guess their real relationship until, as I was going in to tackle one, the other rushed up and yelled: 'Quick, Dad! Pass!'"

Clues himself grew up pretty quickly so far as English Rugby League was concerned, for he had been in Britain only two and a half months when he played for Leeds in the Rugby League Cup Final at Wembley, an ambition every player has, but which most never realize.

"Yet it proved to be a thrill of disappointment," he says, "for Bradford Northern beat us 8-4."

He is still hoping to be there again, on the winning side. Until that happens, he is consoling himself at scoring what must be the neatest point in the history of Rugby. For, as part of his duties at Leeds City High School, the Rugby League professional who was banned for life from playing Rugby Union is teaching schoolboys to play Rugby Union. THE END

"It was just like the book. I kept going to sleep at the same places"

DARK CONSPIRACY

Continued from page 9

round his neck and kissed him, half affectionately, half conspiratorially, as though to say: "We two understand one another, and that is all that signifies."

Failing to reason her out of her waywardness, Mr. Jolly had buoyed himself up with the hope that, despite her protestations, Phoebe would marry again very soon, a not unreasonable hope since she was extremely attractive to the opposite sex, and, despite the gossip which was quickly growing up about her, she had half the male population of Hampstead applying themselves to her father for her hand. But after a time it was borne in on Daniel that his daughter meant what she said, and on the subject of marriage she was adamant, ruthlessly dismissing every admirer with honourable intentions.

The curious part of it was that, though she lived in that hotbed of gossip and scandal, a small village, Phoebe continued to be liked by all and ostracized by none, even Mr. Mole, the parson, making her the civility of his hat whenever they met. There was something about her which disarmed criticism; she was so open and frank, so lively and spirited, so completely lacking in hypocrisy, so zestful in her love of life and all its experiences, that the sourest matron, listening to the tale of some new scandalous flirtation, found herself instinctively excusing the girl.

But Daniel had continued to worry and fret, and it was partly because he hoped that a stepmother might wield a benign feminine influence upon his headstrong and erring daughter that, two years previously, in 1680, he had taken the step he had for so long resisted and had entered into matrimony for a second time. Fate, however, had never been very favourably disposed to Daniel Jolly, and it had not been long ere he had discovered that he had done neither himself nor his daughter any good by introducing Elizabeth into his home.

The new Mrs. Jolly was no ordinary domestic tyrant. Most of her acquaintances found her charming, and deemed Daniel a lucky man; she was a good craftswoman, a hard worker, an excellent, indeed a formidable, housewife, and with her vivacity, her big blue eyes and her youthful figure, she looked much younger than her spouse. She had a superficial charm, and the air of mystery with which she surrounded her past, before she had met Mr. Jolly, made the housewives of Hampstead intrigued and admiring. She had "come down in the world," she said (with a gay, brave laugh); she talked incessantly though vaguely of a genteel upbringing, of wealthy parents and of a first husband who had been a perfect paragon of all the virtues. But she had nothing to show for all this high and mighty talk—and many of her romantic accounts contradicted each other—and under cover of it she led the honest chandler a dog's life.

On the day after his encounter with Josiah Keeling at the Upper Bowling Green, Mr. Jolly was surprised to hear his daughter inquire of him whether he would permit her to entertain her latest beau to supper, one Derrick Calder. Daniel had for some time been secretly intrigued by the appearance in the village, and about his own doors, too, of an obvious gentleman who was as obviously a follower of Phoebe's. But he could not help feeling perturbed at the idea of a man in such a very different walk of life taking an interest in his daughter. So it was with certain mental reservations that he gave his consent.

As the day wore on, he became aware that his house was being turned upside down in a frenzy of preparation for the guest.

Daniel, serving out sand, cheese, firewood, and pecks of coal in his shop, listened to the upheaval with a growing uneasiness. He had looked forward to a quiet chat with Phoebe's gentleman over his usual supper of neck-beef and turnips and a tankard of small-ale; Mr. Calder knew him for what he was, a humble village chandler, and would dislike, Daniel felt sure, a display of ostentation unfitting to his station in life. Devoutly did Mr. Jolly hope that his spouse would not add to his embarrassment by indulging in the more outrageous of her romancings, but he feared the worst.

Like most tradesmen, Mr. Jolly closed his shop at eight o'clock, but on this particular evening, Ned the 'prentice chose to be late in putting up the shutters, and his master was still tidying the counter when there came a knock on the door. Mr. Jolly opened it, and found standing upon the threshold a young man who raised his hat politely and announced that he was Derrick Calder, at Mr. Jolly's service. Daniel, guiltily aware that he ought to have been changed and washed to receive his guest, ushered him into the shop, and there, excusing himself while he locked up his cash-box and made other arrangements for the night, glanced surreptitiously at his visitor in the light of the candles.

He saw a rather slight man in his thirties, dressed modishly yet quietly; he had a modest bearing and an ease of manner; the fashionable large periwig shadowed his face, but Mr. Jolly could see that his hazel eyes were at the same time thoughtful and merry, and that his mouth was good-tempered and ready with a smile. He sat down at his ease on a case of candles, and talked naturally about the weather, the state of the country and his own love of Hampstead.

"I am country-bred, sir," said he, "being the son of a parson in Sussex, and though I have been now many years at Court, I have not turned townsman in my heart. You have a sweet village here, and one with which I am very familiar."

Nothing was more calculated to win Mr. Jolly's heart than praise of his native village, and in a few moments he found himself chatting to Mr. Calder with the ease of long acquaintance. By the time he was ready to take his guest into the parlour, Daniel had his hand through the young man's arm, and in an animated tone was telling him of the awesome view of the Great Fire which he had seen from the heath in '66.

Opening the parlour door, the words died upon his lips. For the humble room was transformed so that he scarcely recognized it. Domestic articles, such as the spinning-wheel, the clothesline usually strung before the fire, and even Phoebe's work-box, had been removed or hidden out of sight; innumerable candles, in borrowed sticks, made an almost fierce illumination; and the table was laid for supper with so many strange platters and tankards and cutlery that Mr. Jolly thought with dismay that his spouse must have borrowed from half Hampstead.

Phoebe was nowhere to be seen, but preening herself in front of a steel-glass was Mrs. Elizabeth Jolly, decked out in her best gown, which had been hastily embellished with odd bits of lace and ribbon and loaded with sham jewellery. Her plump waist was pinched in with stays, which obviously pained her, and several large patches adhered to the paint with which she had adorned her cheeks.

Catching sight of the reflections of the two men in the steel-glass, the lady turned hastily, clapped a hand to her almost naked bosom, and cried, "Lord!" in horrified and startled accents, as though the visitants were housebreakers.

"Why, Bess," said her husband, "here's Mr. Calder come to——"

"Lord!" interrupted Elizabeth again, on a higher note. "What a man is this to welcome a guest in his shirt-sleeves! Mr. Calder, indeed you must excuse my husband; he is somewhat absent-minded; he intended no discourtesy. Daniel, my love," she continued, giving her husband a false smile and a dagger glance, "be so good as to go above-stairs and shift yourself, whiles I entertain Mr. Calder with a whet."

"Nay, madam," said Derrick with a smile, "you must blame me for coming before my time. I was so eager to meet with you and Mr. Jolly, I vow I could scarcely wait."

There was so much quiet charm about this young man that Mrs. Jolly forgot to repeat her order to her husband, but, fetching a piece of embroidery in a frame (to the astonishment of Daniel, who had never seen such a thing in his house before), sat down before the fire, and making a great play with needle and thread, prepared to fascinate so promising a guest.

Mr. Calder talked and listened politely, but his eyes kept straying to the door that obviously led to the upper rooms, and Mr. Jolly, his warm heart touched, told him kindly that his daughter would be with them anon. And presently Phoebe did arrive, slightly self-conscious in her best Sunday gown, and a little inclined to treat the elaborate spread as a joke, but smiling directly at Derrick Calder and obviously pleased to see him. As for Derrick Calder, there might have been no one else in the room from then on.

They sat down to supper; and while Mrs. Jolly, a bad hostess because she had attempted too much and had to be for ever jumping up to change platters or fetch some dish, fussed and simpered and signalled to her husband and her stepdaughter with her eyes, Mr. Calder strove to put the company at its ease by talking of general matters. These soon turned upon the state of the

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nation, and, without any ostentation, he betrayed so intimate a knowledge of political events and great personages that Mrs. Jolly soon began to pump him for details about his post at Court. He smiled at her and answered simply:

"It could scarce be more humble a post, madam. I am a gentleman usher in the household of His Royal Highness, the Duke of York. I seldom penetrate farther than the ante-chambers of the great, opening doors, and carrying names to the gentleman-in-waiting on duty. You might call me but an upper servant, and would not be far wrong."

"I vow you are too modest, sir," murmured Mrs. Jolly, not quite concealing her disappointment. "But since you are in the household of the Duke, pray pardon me for asking if you are of his religion. Ne'er stir, I have no quarrel with other men's creeds, but we have had such a pother with the Papists during the past few years, so many nasty plots and intrigues, that we of the dear old Church of England can scarce be blamed for looking at them askance."

DERRICK looked at her with a dry smile. "I am myself of the Church of England, madam," he said, "being, as I have had the honour to tell your husband, the son of a country parson. But I must assure you that I could ask for no better master than his Royal Highness, be his creed what it may, and as for Papist plots, I believe the most of them to have been shams."

"You speak boldly, sir," said Mr. Jolly, with his mouth full. "A year or two since, when Dr. Oates was so high in the nation's esteem, you had been like to have found yourself in Newgate for such a word."

"Fie, Daniel," broke in Mrs. Jolly, bored, "you chatter as much as alewives at a christening. What talk is this from a laborious man? Mr. Calder, I vow, will deem you altogether too knowing if you tattle of subjects you should leave to your betters."

"Nay, madam," said Derrick, before his host could reply, "the opinions of laborious men are mighty valuable, for they are the bulk of the nation, and keep her balanced between the ambitions of nobles and the unruly passions of the mobile. You must blame me for having strayed upon a subject which can have little of entertainment for fair dames, and is in truth mighty dull. Come, what shall I tell you of the Court? 'Twill be little better than coffee-house talk, for I am, as I have said, but on the fringe of it, but perchance will serve to make you laugh."

So he entered into a description of a recent visit of the Moroccan Ambassador, fascinating his rural audience with his tales of rich scimitars, silk turbans, and gifts of ostriches and lions. When the cloth was removed, they played angel-beast, a round game with cards, sipping meanwhile some blackberry cordial distilled by Mrs. Jolly with her own fair hands.

At last, Mr. Calder, drawing his watch from his pocket, declared that he must be gone, and Phoebe, rising from the table, announced firmly that she would walk with him to Jack Straw's Castle, where he had stabled his horse. Her stepmother, who would have voiced her disapproval in no uncertain terms had Mr. Calder been other than a gentleman of the Court, rose with her and, announcing her intention of making sure that the dear pretty child wrapped up warmly against the cold of the night, followed Phoebe upstairs to give feminine advice in the management of so aristocratic a lover.

There was silence for a while when the two men were left alone. Mr. Jolly was somewhat sleepy, being accustomed, like all tradesmen, to early hours. Derrick strolled to the window which looked out upon the garden, stooped suddenly, picked something up from the floor, and returned with slow steps to the fire.

"'Tis exactly the colour of her hair," he murmured; and, meeting Mr. Jolly's puzzled glance, opened his hand and showed him a pale brown oak-leaf, blown in from out-of-doors.

"You are a poet, sir," said his host shyly.

"Nay, I am no poet, but a man in love." His smile died and, looking down at the chandler, he said with great earnestness and sincerity: "I love your daughter, sir, deeply; I love her as I love myself, for in truth she is part of me, the better part. Mr. Jolly, I am a married man. I will not enlarge upon the failure of my marriage; 'twould not be fitting, or fair to my wife. But you have, I am sure, both wisdom and charity, and will know that the heart cannot be ruled."

"My Phoebe is a simple wench, sir," said Mr. Jolly, stirring uneasily in his chair. "Many an honest tradesman would consider himself fortunate to have a child so placed. But 'tis little good can come to a girl in her station of life when a gentleman speaks of love."

Derrick Calder looked down at the oak leaf in his hand. He was too honest to refute Mr. Jolly's implication, and Daniel Jolly liked him too much to tell him roundly to be off about his business. In the uneasy silence that fell between them, Phoebe returned to the room wrapped in her stepmother's great scarlet cloak, and she and Calder left.

Mr. Jolly sat a long time by the dying fire waiting for her return. With the wisdom of his years, he knew full well that in spite of all this passionate and high-minded talk about love, the most a girl in Phoebe's position could hope from such an affair was to be set up in her own establishment as Derrick Calder's acknowledged mistress for an indefinite number of years.

But what if Derrick should tire of her, or his wife (who held the purse strings, he gathered) should discover the affair and insist upon its ending?

Would it mean the bagnio for his gay, pretty daughter? Or the Colonies? . . . Mr. Jolly went to bed a very thoughtful man.

AT the hour of noon, two days later, Ned informed his master that there was a gentleman demanding to see him upon urgent business.

The stranger was a very feeble, ancient person, so tiny as to be almost a dwarf. He wore his own sparse, grey hair, and his wrinkled face was ornamented here and there with a thin crop of whisker; he leaned upon a cane, and Mr. Jolly observed that this was of fine ebony, with a silver knob, and that the dress of the old gentleman, though sombre, had an air of richness about it.

"Ma name, sir, is Baillie," he said, addressing Daniel in a high, squeaky voice and a strong Scots accent. "Robert Baillie o' Jerviswood in the kingdom o' Scotland. I cam' doon last night on the stage, and was informed you would offer me the hospitality o' your hoose."

Here, it seemed, was one of those angels in disguise promised by Josiah as a lodger.

"At your service, sir," said Daniel. "Josiah Keeling was very kind, and told me he would recommend my house to such good friends of his who had

THE HUMAN MACHINE

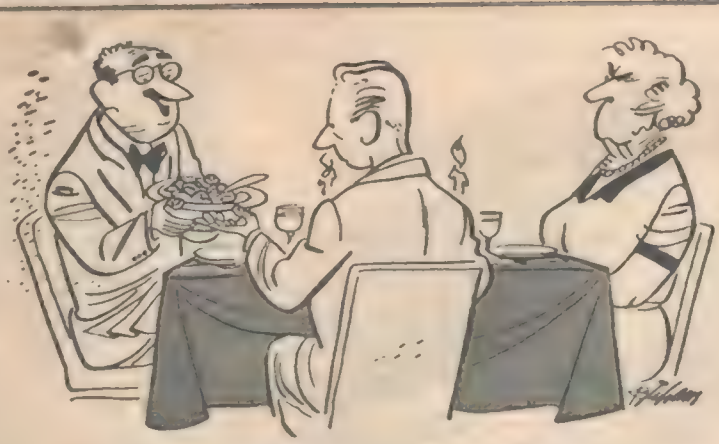
In the dumps

MOST of us have off days when we feel "blue." They are usually the days when petty grievances are trotted out and made to look important.

Few things are worse than a fancied sense of being wronged. It can so easily slide into self-pity, and that's a corrosive vice.

Grievances are stupid things. They mostly spring from an exaggerated sense of self-importance. If you have any, it's best to keep them to yourself.

by ROFFE THOMPSON



"Here's something you can't get anywhere else, Charlie . . . burnt potato salad"

occasion for board and lodging where privacy might be had."

"Ay, yon's the word, privacy," rejoined the stranger casting a significant glance in the direction of Ned, who was standing goggling at him, with his foolish mouth wide open. "Privacy and the air o' Hampstead, for I must tell you, sir, I suffer somewhat wi' ma lungs."

Here he coughed a little, to give point to his remark. "I made sae bold as to carry ma baggage wi' me; it is oot i' the hackney yonder, and if convenient to you, Master Jolly, will tak' up ma residence straightway."

Sending Ned to help carry in the gentleman's baggage, Daniel escorted Mr. Baillie upstairs to the bedchamber set aside for him. Phoebe had seen to it that it was clean, the bed made up, and a fire laid ready on the tiny hearth. She lit this while Ned and the coachman staggered in with Mr. Baillie's valises; there were two of these, and with them was a small iron box, which latter its owner, having discovered in the room a cupboard with a key, straightway locked up with some care. The coachman being paid off, and Phoebe and Ned having taken their departure, Mr. Baillie lowered his feeble little frame into a chair by the window, and, leaning on his cane, addressed his new landlord.

"Master Jolly, there are certain particulars wi' which I tak' leave to acquaint ye right away. I hae privy business i' London, and being obnoxious to certain gentlemen there because of ma religion and ma politics, desire to live very private and retired—ye understand me?"

"Josiah so advised me, sir," answered the chandler, feeling somewhat uneasy all the same.

"That's guid, that's guid," approved the other. "Noo, I'll be having maybe some visitors, wha will wish to come here and transact business wi' me, for being, as you can see, somewhat feeble in ma body, I'm no' verra guid at travelling aboot. They'll no' interfere wi' you or your family, sir, but come and gang. I'll answer for them as for masel', they being peaceable honest gentlemen, and wishing ill to no man. Aiblins, there might be some letters connected with ma business which must be taken to the letter-office or to the inn hereabouts where a postboy may be hired to carry them instanter to their destination. I'd be much obliged if when this happens, you'd tak' these letters yoursel', for I wadna' hae them miscarry by any means."

Daniel looked somewhat blank at this. He had his shop to attend to, and he felt it a little hard that his duties as a landlord should be expected to include those of a messenger. Sensing something of his resentment, Mr. Baillie said blandly:

"'Tis asking a lot o' ye, friend, but I'm no' expecting ye to dae it for nothing. I propose to pay ye five and twenty shillings for ma rent, and any wee extra services will no' gang wi'oot their just reward. I'm a strict man i' business, Master Jolly, taking care to mak' nae man the poorer for serving me; and if five and twenty shillings doesna seem to you a fair rent, prithee name your ain terms; I'll meet ye, so they be reasonable."

"Sir," said Daniel, "five and twenty shillings weekly is a handsome rent indeed; bless me, 'tis more than Charlie Weems demands for the best bedchamber and privy parlour at the Bowling Green."

"Yon's settled, then," said Mr. Baillie. "An' noo, sir, I'll even tak' a wee rest, if you please, being somewhat fatigued by ma lang journey."

In the days that followed, Mr. Baillie showed himself a model lodger, appreciative and considerate. Mrs. Jolly was quite charmed with him and his gracious airs, though she regretted that he did not seem inclined for conversation and excused himself from her repeated invitations to take a whet in the parlour or a hand at the cartes. It having been impressed upon her by her husband that if she gossiped about their lodger he instantly would take his departure, she managed to deny herself this pleasure, and found some compensation for the hardship in weaving romances about him in the bosom of her own family. Mr. Baillie kept strictly to his room, only very occasionally ordering a hackney when he was obliged to make an excursion into London, and he appeared to have a great deal of writing to do. Every time Mrs. Jolly or her stepdaughter entered his chamber to bring him his meals or other necessities, they would find him busily engaged with quill and ink-horn, and usually with the little iron box open on the table before him, quite overflowing with papers. Two or three times a week, Mr. Jolly would be commissioned to carry letters to the Upper Bowling Green, where, it seemed, Charlie Weems saw to their further dispatch.

THE lodger had not been established in Hampstead many days before his first visitors came to call on him. They arrived one evening when Mr. Jolly had just closed his shop and was counting over the day's takings before going into the parlour for supper. There was a peremptory rap upon the street door, and when he opened it, he found two men standing there. Both were muffled up in cloaks, which they wore with one end flung over their shoulders, and slouch hats pulled well down over their eyes; the light from the shop falling upon them, Mr. Jolly observed that one was a big, burly fellow, red-faced and heavy jowled, the other tall and thin with a wooden leg.

"How now, friend," said the big man gruffly. "Is all in harmony?"

Mr. Jolly gaped at him. It was an ill time of night for visitors, and the village street deserted. Secretly wishing that he had his old blunderbuss handy, he demanded: "Whom is it ye seek?"

The burly man exchanged a meaning glance with his friend, then, pushing past Mr. Jolly without ceremony, he turned and faced him, and very deliberately began to undo the two top buttons of his coat. Fearful that he was reaching for a pistol, Mr. Jolly looked hastily round for something he could use as a weapon, but even as he did so, the thin man clapped him on the shoulder, told him to be of good

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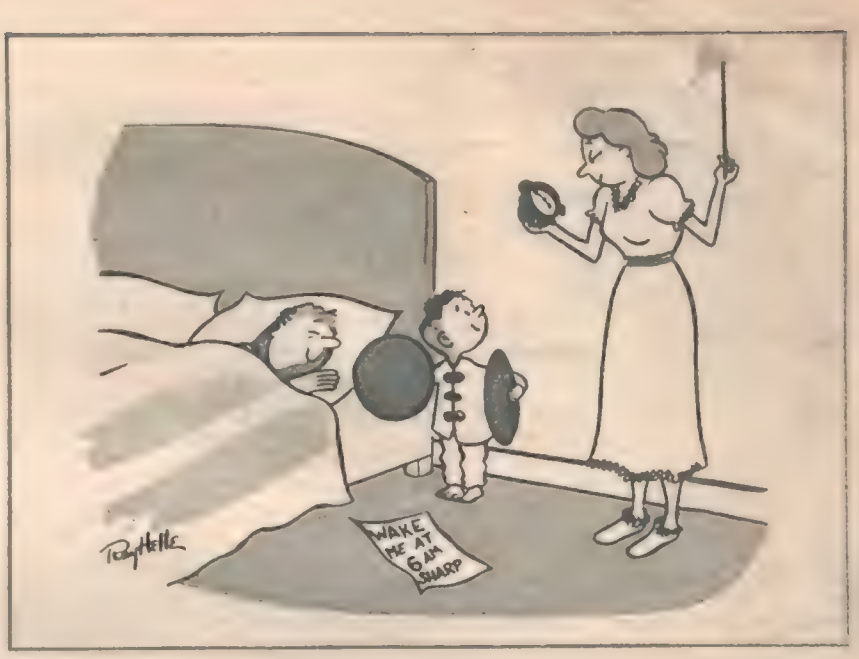

cheer, that they were friends of Master Baillie and would have speech with him. He spoke in an educated voice, yet Mr. Jolly liked the looks of him no better than those of his red-faced friend.

Taking up a candle, and requesting the visitors to follow him, the chandler led the way through the parlour, signing sharply to his wife in passing to take no notice of his companions. Preceding them up the stairs, he heard the tap-tap of the wooden leg and crutch coming up after him with an agility which was somehow unnerving.

"Wait," commanded the burly man, as Mr. Jolly was about to knock upon his lodger's door. "I'll announce myself, if you please."

With that, he raised his hand and rapped with his knuckles in a peculiar manner: two soft strokes, three loud, and then two soft again. There was a faint exclamation from within, and then Mr. Baillie's squeaky voice cried to enter. The two men went in, and with scant ceremony shut the door in Mr. Jolly's face. Somewhat affronted by this rude treatment, the chandler stood a moment on the landing, muttering to himself about some men's ill manners; as he did so, he heard the thin man say:

"He knew neither the sign nor the password. Is he not, then, one of us?"

"Nay, but a guid honest man, Frank," replied Mr. Baillie, "recommended by Josiah, and nae blabber wi' his tongue."

The man who had been addressed as Frank made some reply which Mr. Jolly could not catch and, not wishing to eavesdrop, the chandler made his way downstairs again.

But he was very uneasy in his mind. He ate his supper with a preoccupied air, and during the process came to a resolution. Immediately afterwards, muttering to his wife that he would go upstairs to see if the gentlemen lacked for aught, he tiptoed up in the dark to Mr. Baillie's door. His honest soul shrank from listening at keyholes; his practical mind revolted from the risk of losing a rent which was a fortune to him, and which, if he continued to receive it, would enable him very shortly to pay off Mr. Dubs; yet he could not rest until he had attempted to satisfy himself that the gentlemen closeted behind that closed door were indeed engaged upon some harmless business transaction.

He felt very guilty as he stood on the dark little landing, holding his breath and straining his ears to catch the voices within. At first these voices were drowned in a crackle as of some stiff parchment being unfolded, accompanied by Mr. Baillie's dry little cough. Then the man with the wooden leg, who had been addressed as Frank, began to speak, and as he did not trouble to lower his voice, Mr. Jolly could hear quite clearly all that he said.

"This is an exact copy of the map which hangs in West's chamber; you will observe, sir, that it contains the City and the liberties, and is divided into twenty parts. Over each division is to be placed a leader of trust and zeal, who is to choose him nine or ten more in whom he can confide and can make his lieutenants."

"Ay, yon's guid and neat," Mr. Baillie's squeaky voice approved. "Yon will be Ferguson's arrangements, dootless."

"Nay, for my part I like it not," interposed the gruff voice of the third man. "There are too many in it for safety."

"And that's the reason why my lord presses for the thing to be done without loss of time," replied Frank. "Delay is exceeding dangerous, saith he, and methinks he is in the right of it."

"And wha's for delay, then?" inquired Mr. Baillie sharply.

"Why, our Prince Perkin, of course," answered Frank contemptuously. "You know his nature; he blows hot, and he blows cold, and no resolution is to be found in him. If he continues in this strain, my lord will tire of him ere long, and the thing will be done without him."

"Nay, that were madness," exclaimed the third man. "He alone can protect us when the thing is done."

The voice broke off abruptly, as Mr. Jolly in the passage, absorbed in the strange talk, shifted his position and trod upon a loose board. His first thought was flight, but so unfamiliar was he with the rôle of eavesdropper, so bewildered by the whole situation, that he found himself incapable of moving a foot. Then, as he heard a footstep in the room as though someone were about to open the door, some instinct told him what to do. Going quickly up to the door, he rapped upon the panels. The door opened immediately, and the burly man stood there, with a candle in his hand and a very suspicious look upon his face.

"Your pardon, sirs," babbled Mr. Jolly, trying to keep his voice steady. "My wife sent me to say she would take it as a favour if you would taste her blackberry cordial."

"Please to say to that charming wifie o' yours," interrupted Mr. Baillie graciously, "that I and ma friends here tak' it verra kindly o' her, and will drink a glass wi' pleasure if ye'll bring it up."

As Mr. Jolly stumbled down the stairs, he found that he was sweating with relief. It was absurd, of course, he assured himself, to imagine that he would have been in any danger from these gentlemen if they had suspected him of eavesdropping; ridiculous to imagine the courteous and well-bred Mr. Baillie permitting harm to come to an innocent man. Yet he continued to bless the kindly guardian angel who had put the excuse of the blackberry cordial into his head, and when he carried it above-stairs, he found that his hands were trembling so violently that the glasses shook and tinkled on the tray. He would have set down his burden and withdrawn at once, but that the burly man, as he made to do so, clapped him on the shoulder, and, with

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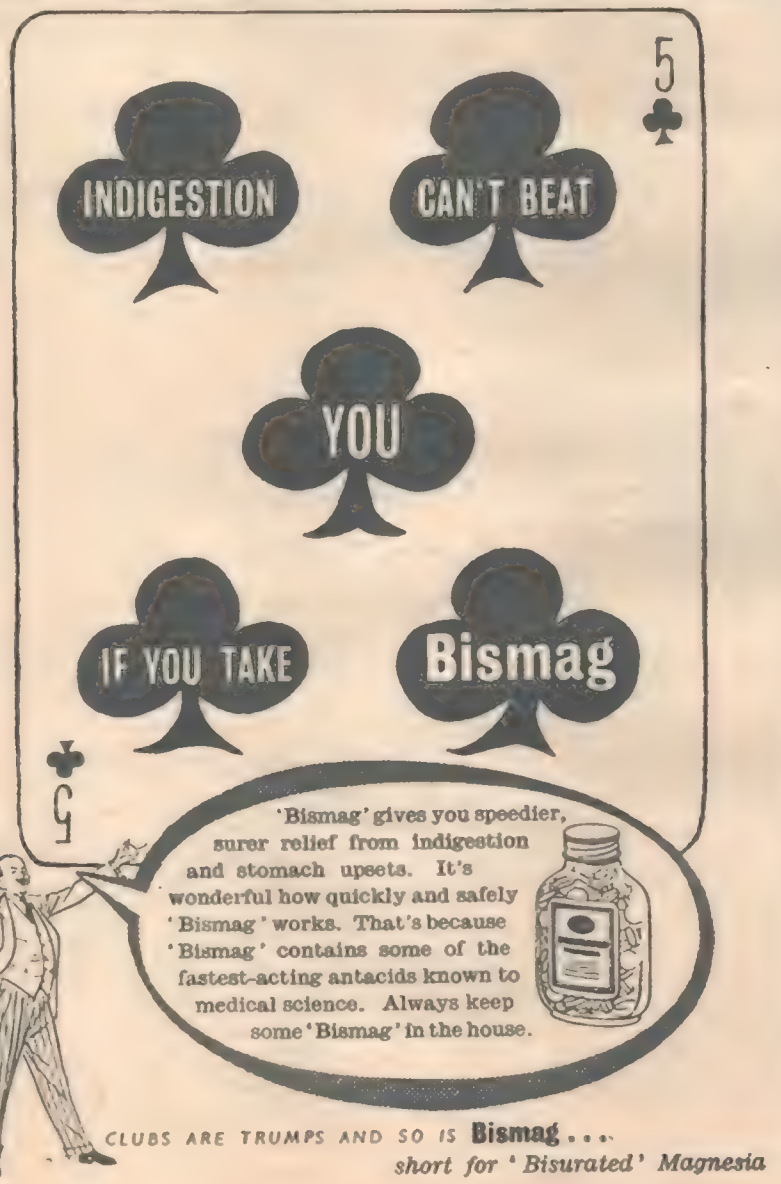
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a jollity which somehow rang false, cried to him:

"You'll take a whet with us, my good friend. Come, we'll have no denial, and you being so honest a man shall join us in a toast: Here's to liberty and the Protestant faith."

Mr. Jolly drank the toast; in other circumstances he would have done so with enthusiasm, for both his liberty as an Englishman and the vague something, secure and respectable, which he understood by the words Protestant faith, were very dear to him. But it was as much as he could do to drink with these men at all, and the honest toast they had proposed sounded on their lips ominous and almost sinister.

And while he waited for Mr. Baillie's visitors to take themselves off so that he could lock up and go to bed, Mr. Jolly decided what he must do. He did not like Mr. Baillie's visitors and their queer talk at all. No honest man would. And he was quite certain Josiah Keeling had no idea of the sort of folk the old Scotsman was entertaining. There would be a carrier's cart going down to London town tomorrow morning. He would shut up shop for the day and go and call on Josiah and see what he had to say.

THE carrier's cart was already half full as Mr. Jolly turned into the inn yard the next morning; crates of squawking hens, bulky packages, and sacks of vegetables incommoded an unusual number of passengers, who consisted mostly of women. Mr. Jolly was surprised to see several plump housewives, his neighbours, decked out in their best as though sallying forth to some treat. Saluting them, as he squeezed into the cart beside them, he inquired their errand.

"Lord, Master Jolly," replied one excitedly, "do you not know this is a hanging-Monday? Captain Baker is to hang today, he who was called the Terror of Houndslow, and you know what sport the highwaymen always give in the cart!"

As soon as the cart, jolting slowly along, and often stopping to pick up goods and passengers, had passed through the village of Camden and was come in sight of the Tyburn Road, the holiday crowds became observable, some hastening towards the gallows, others concentrated upon getting a good vantage point on the road to it. There were hundreds of apprentices in their blue frocks, for though many of their masters refused to close their shops on hanging-Mondays, these lads took french-leave. Mingling with them were housewives with their children, vendors of oranges, gingerbread and sweetmeats, street musicians and tumblers, with a sprinkling of shopkeepers who loved the sight of the hangman's cart better than a morning's business.

As the carrier turned into the inn yard, a great roar broke out, and one of the women passengers, standing up in her seat beside Mr. Jolly, cried out that there was Captain Baker himself, with his fetters and darbies knocked off, just stepping into Jack Ketch's cart and exchanging the traditional jests with the hangman and the constables.

For a moment Mr. Jolly forgot the errand which had brought him into the City, as he watched the hangman's cart making its first halt not a stone's throw from him, where by ancient custom a party of damsels, armed with nosegays, waited in the porch of St. Sepulchre's to claim a kiss from such of the condemned of the opposite sex who were young and personable. He had an excellent view of the shoddily picturesque procession, with its javelin-men, its mounted constables, the City Marshal on his richly caparisoned horse, the Sheriff's fine coach with its outriders, and Captain Baker, the highwayman, gaudily attired, standing up in the hangman's cart to salute his friends and jest with the mob.

But when at last the horses' hooves and the rumble of wheels had died away down Snow Hill, and the greater part of the mob had gone jostling and hurrying after them, Mr. Jolly recollected himself with a start, and found to his dismay that it was already half past ten. He had yet to walk to Aldgate, and his progress looked like being impeded by the many street entertainers who, now that the chief attraction of the day had passed, were busily catching the interest of the crowds that remained.

One in particular seemed to be doing good business. The man was selling what purported to be the Last Dying Speech and Confession of Captain Baker, and likewise a ballad which, he swore, had been written by the highwayman's sweetheart, in which she bewailed his untimely fate and described the pleasures she had shared with her lover. Well, thought Daniel, I might as well buy one of these now I am so close, for Elizabeth will relish it.

In front of him, buying from the ballad-monger, was a gentleman of seedy appearance in a fox-coloured coat. There was, too, a curious resemblance to a fox in his general appearance. He wore a red periwig, and the wind blowing the folds of this aside, his face was seen to be sharp and pointed, with yellow teeth exposed in a grin. Mr. Jolly, standing pressed against him, heard him say, in low yet distinct tones: "Is all in harmony?"

And as he did so, he unfastened the two top buttons of his coat. The ballad-monger, handing him a paper from the bottom of his pile of ballads, answered in the same tone: "In harmony and liberty."

The fox-coloured gentleman took the paper, did up the buttons of his coat again, flung a penny into the man's tin can, and, without another word, began to push his way through the crowd in the direction in which Mr. Jolly himself had been making.

Mr. Jolly stood staring after him for a moment, forgetting his intention to buy a ballad for his wife. "Is all in harmony?" and the unfastening of the two top buttons of a coat; these, he was convinced, were the very same words and sign he had failed to understand when they had been given him by one of Mr. Baillie's visitors. What could they mean? They hid, it seemed, a secret shared by the most strangely assorted characters. Suddenly, Mr. Jolly was not only frightened; he was excited. He never knew afterwards what cursed instinct had made him act so, but before he knew what he was about he had pushed and jostled his way till he was alongside the fox-coloured gentleman, laid a hand upon his sleeve, and having caught his attention, in silence began to undo the two top buttons of his Sunday coat.

To be continued next week

NOW YOU KNOW

GOT an invention? You should first file a provisional protection for it. For this an outline specification and a fee of £1 should be sent to the Patent Office, London. This protects you for a period, during which you can exploit possibilities of manufacture and sale.

Later you complete the patent. It costs about £6. Best way is to get a patent agent to draft the final specification. You or your agent will have to search the Patent Office registers to see whether your invention is already patented by someone else. It often is.

"Nice shot. You know, you play very much like another young man who used to be with our firm"

GINO, IN LOVE, GOES DOWN THE PIT

Continued from page 10

the "close personal supervision" of a skilled miner for twenty days; even now, he is in the middle of six months' general supervision.

Just now, Gino works permanently on the day shift. To arrive in time from Westwood Quarry hostel, which is fifteen miles away, he is up at four every morning and catches the Coal Board bus at four thirty. The long journey is the only thing he dislikes, and agent Llewellyn thinks he has a just grievance. He goes down the pit at five thirty and comes up again at one fifty in the afternoon. He normally reaches the hostel about three o'clock.

There, he shares a small room in a large wooden hut with another Italian. They have single beds, a wardrobe between them and a couple of wooden chairs. The walls are whitewashed, but there is a mat on the floor and dingy linoleum. For this, and two main meals a day, he pays thirty-five shillings a week. Extra meals cost between one and two shillings each.

Since Gino's main purpose in coming to England was to make money, he spends as little as possible. He does his own washing, plays billiards and table-tennis in the hostel, and his only personal expenses are ten cigarettes a day, a visit to the weekly camp cinema show for 1s. 3d., and an occasional Saturday afternoon trip to Bath, where he buys "meat in boxes" and oranges. He does not like beer. Most evenings are spent writing to Iliana, whom he plans to visit during his two weeks' holiday this summer.

Wrong Time For Music

Soon, he hopes to find lodgings in Midsomer Norton, near the pit. Already a dozen of his comrades have done this. Most of the Italians are ingenuous, cheerful and eager to please, though their good-natured exuberance sometimes gets them into trouble.

Like Gino, the majority burst into song at the slightest excuse, and occasionally choose the wrong time. A group at one hostel, instead of sleeping until four, were so eager for the day to start that they rose at two and paraded round the huts singing "O Sole Mio." "I told them that if it happened again, they could clear out," says the manager. Their excessive love of music gave rise to a rumour —unfortunately not true—that one of them had taken a mandolin with him down the pit.

At Maltby, there were complaints from the council that Italian trainees were going into children's playgrounds and monopolizing the swings and roundabouts. They were also walking five and six abreast on the pavements, forcing other people into the road. Happily, these difficulties were soon settled. The assistant warden at Maltby says: "After all, it's only what English lads would do if they were sent to Italy."

Gino speaks English better than most of his mates. He can, with the aid of broad gestures, pidgin-English and bits of French, express the simple wants of life. Unfortunately, his friends are not so well equipped.

"The Maltby training was definitely inadequate," says Llewellyn. "Some came here with not a single good English word—and not even a bad one either."

One English miner was placing in position the two halves of a roofing arch and called for a wedge. Several Italians who were supposed to be helping stood round grinning. "I want a wedge," he repeated. They still grinned uncomprehendingly. Finally he had to get the wedge himself.

Italians are employed at two other Somerset pits, and miners' lodges at every other pit in the coalfield agreed to accept them if there were vacancies. In no other coalfield was there such wholehearted acceptance.

"Over My Dead Body"

In the Coal Board's south-western division (made up of South Wales and Forest of Dean as well as Somerset) only fifteen pits, out of sixty-five at which there were both vacancies and accommodation, agreed to take them. Some Italians, originally posted to South Wales, were diverted to Somerset. In Yorkshire, eighty out of 107 pits refused. And it was the same all over the country. Instead of the 5,000 Italians the Board hoped to bring in by the end of 1951, there were only 1,580, of whom 650 are still in training.

The causes for rejection varied. Sometimes it was purely local, as in one pit where a leader was ill-treated as a prisoner of war in Italy. "The 'Eyeties' will come here over my dead body," he said. Sometimes the cause was the trade unionist's traditional fear of imported labour being used to cut wages and break strikes.

Llewellyn believes there was a deeper reason. He believes that while miners' leaders genuinely agreed to take Italians because of the shortage of coal, the miners themselves, after years of insecurity, see they have a strong bargaining lever in the very shortage of labour; to admit foreigners is to throw away this advantage.

Why, then, were they unanimously accepted in Somerset? First, the Somerset pits are small, and managers know a large number of their men by their Christian names. This inspires confidence. Also, the towns and villages in which the miners live are not tight, exclusive communities like the mining villages of Durham and Wales. There are other local industries. This diversity makes it easier for the foreigner to break in.

Lastly, the Somerset miners have had happy experience of Poles and other Continental volunteers, many of whom are now highly paid workers in key jobs. Of the 172 now in the coalfield, all but a dozen are in lodgings, and a few have married local girls.

"If the Italians turn out as well as the Poles, we shall be well satisfied," said C. H. Weeks, manager of Norton Hill colliery.

Gino only hopes he will be allowed to stay long enough to prove it. In Breda Cisoni, the dark-haired Iliana carefully banks the money he sends for their marriage.

THE END

If you are under 30 and if you own a dog...

A NEW generation of dog-owners has grown up since 1939. They certainly know something of Bob Martin's. We'd like to tell them more.

The late Robert William Martin spent a lifetime in the study and breeding of dogs. He knew that show-dogs had to be fit to win. Thus was formulated what he was later to term 'condition powders,' which brought dogs into perfect condition and *kept them there.*

Breeders used this preparation with such success that early in this century it was decided to make the preparation available to the public. Today, from the Bob Martin laboratories at Southport, Condition Powder Tablets are dispatched to nearly every part of the globe.

Why do more than a million dogs in Great Britain have their Bob Martin's regularly? Why should your dog need conditioning?

Well, for one thing, it is almost impossible for you to give him an ideal diet these days. And he has only the exercise you can give him, which may not always be enough. For these reasons, the average dog is not thoroughly fit. That is why you so often see such symptoms as listlessness, loss of appetite, excessive scratching and poor coat. They're all signs of loss of condition—well known to the experienced dog-owner.

What's in Bob Martin's?

Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets contain vitamins of the B Group, vitamin D and calcium, iron and other minerals.
These vitamins and minerals are vitally necessary for doggy good health and they are the ones your dog often doesn't get in his food. By improving his appetite and making sure he gets the full nourishment from his food, and by toning-up the dog's whole system, they provide a *natural* remedy for loss of condition.

Remember, dogs can't talk. They need your help—but they can't ask for it. You wouldn't deliberately ill-treat your dog, but do you give him all the care and understanding his love and loyalty deserve?

Here's a simple test every dog owner should answer.

Is your dog sometimes listless, moody and lacking in energy?

Does he leave his dinner half finished or eat it without enthusiasm?

Is his coat inclined to be lifeless, dull or thin?

Does he scratch a great deal?

If you answer 'Yes' to any of these questions, it means that your dog is out of condition. These are danger signs you should recognise. Deal with this loss of condition at once, before it seriously affects his health. Give Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets *regularly.*

When you see the difference this simple treatment makes, then ask yourself:

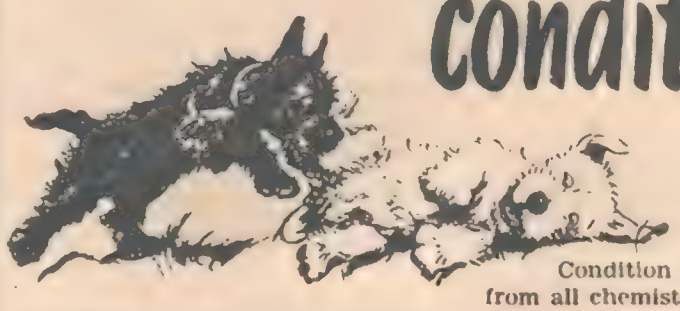
Is my dog brim full of energy, bursting with high spirits?

Does he wolf down his dinner and leave the plate as clean as a whistle?

Has he a dense coat, bright eyes and a cold damp nose?

If you can say 'Yes' to all three, then you know he's in perfect condition. . . .

and that's Bob Martin condition!



Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets from all chemists and pet shops.

A lovely sight — Batchelors wonderful Cream of Tomato soup! With the heavenly taste of thick cream and ripe, full-flavoured tomatoes. Nourishing and so skilfully blended, seasoned and all — as if by a blue-ribbon cook to charm a king!

SUPER SUPPER

Serve Batchelors Cream of Tomato soup in cups. Add croûtons — tiny, crisp squares of fried bread — and sprinkle with fresh, chopped parsley. It will look so delightful, taste so delicious.

HARVEST GOLD

Plump tender peas, appetising beans, tempting soup! You can be sure that any food bearing Batchelors wonderful name is made from the cream of the crops, with care . . . with *your* delighted satisfaction in mind.

'B' for BATCHELORS

Marry Making

"PATSY CAME TO MY ROOM last Monday night and whispered the news . . . 'Mums, Tony's asked me to marry him — I've said "Yes".' I was delighted — Tony's such a dear.

"Next day I had an idea—we'd celebrate in style. We'd dress up and have a dinner-dance at home, just Patsy, Tony, my husband and me.

"It was *wonderful!* And dinner was delicious — though I say it myself . . . heavenly Batchelors Cream of Tomato soup, chicken with tender, delightful Batchelors peas, a sweet . . . *mm-mm!* I saw that Tony was greatly impressed — and he'll love Patsy's cooking, too! I've taught her my secrets of delicious, clever meals! Yes—Batchelors!" . . . Solve meal-time problems oh-so-easily, quickly with Batchelors wonderful soup, peas, baked beans — they're always of the same fine quality, thriftily priced. Order delicious Batchelors *today!*

Batchelors
WONDERFUL Foods

ENGLISH CANNED SOUPS · VEGETABLES · FRUITS

BP35/80

THE NAKED ISLAND

Continued from page 15

collapsed and could not be revived. We collected a stretcher and took it in turns to carry him, one man on each handle of the stretcher. This meant a quarter of an hour's carrying and a half-hour's respite throughout the night.

Just before dawn our leading guard took the wrong fork in the jungle track and we covered about four miles, which had then to be retraced. I have seldom seen such desperation as when the order came to go back to that fork.

It was dawn when we reached it. Roy, myself and two others were carrying the stretcher. Just before our shift ended we sighted the squalid huts and bamboo compound fences of Tarsao. We decided to finish the journey with the stretcher.

About ten minutes later we laid it down in one of the huts and called a medical officer over. He unwrapped the patient out of the gas cape in which we had rolled him to save him from the rain and looked at his face. A few deft prods at eyelids and pulse and he glanced up. "Dead," he pronounced. "Been dead for hours."

I was filled with fury at this man who was selfish enough to allow us to carry him for twelve miles and be dead all the time.

Escape Was Useless

We were not closely guarded. In fact, we were hardly guarded at all. It was not necessary—there was nowhere to go. The countryside for hundreds of miles around was rugged jungle, uninhabited, fever-ridden, devoid of food. To flee from any of our stopping places, or even from the march itself, was simply to die alone in the jungle.

Accordingly, we were left in peace until, late in the afternoon, a Japanese doctor decided that he would like to examine our feet. The party lined up, to the accompaniment of much mutinous comment, and filed past, displaying its feet. To our dismay he treated every blister by cutting off the entire swollen surface with a lancet (which got steadily filthier as the examination proceeded) and then pouring iodine on.

The operation was both bloody and painful, and did more to infect and cripple than anything else we had so far experienced. When the party set out that night, climbing steeply up a rain-drenched mountain, our gait could only be described as a hobble.

Because this was the last night of the march, and an especially long leg, the guards were more than ever noisy and violent. In the rain it was impossible to discern any track, so one merely followed faithfully in the footsteps of the man immediately in front. If he fell, you fell; if you fell, a hundred men behind you, one after the other, fell.

The best that could be done was to pass warnings. Thus, if a man hit his head on a bough he would halt and, to the man following, say: "Duck! Timber!" And all down the line, hundreds of times, the phrase would be repeated: "Duck! Timber . . . ," "Duck! Timber . . . ," and each man would duck his head to save it from the blow of a bough he could not see.

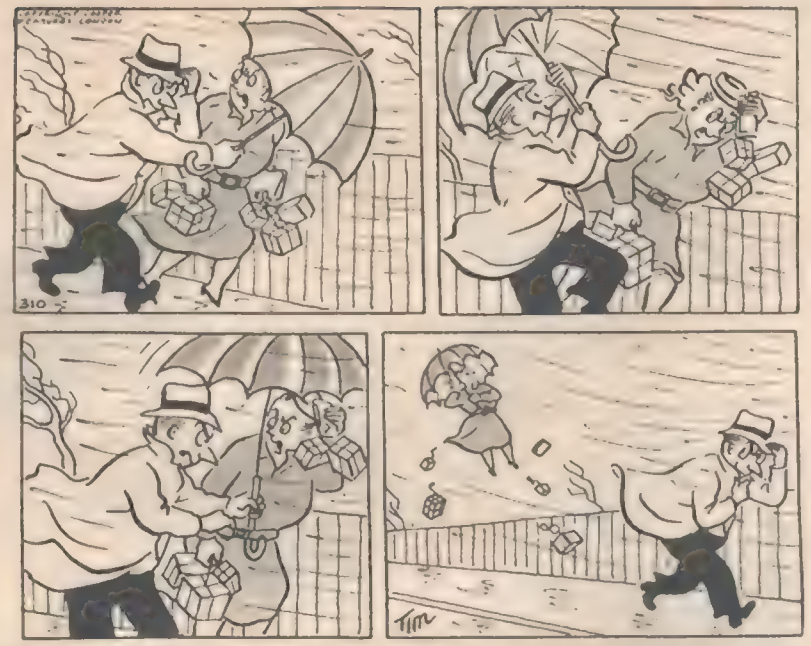
Comrades In Need

Apart from mud and its splashing, the darkness, the sounds of the guards' voices screaming: "Speedo . . ." "More speedo," and the occasional hashings, the march had little that can adequately be described. The jungle, though invisible, made its presence felt with vines that tripped and bamboo spikes that pierced, but most of all by a faint, all-pervading stink of leaf mould, fungus and stagnant water.

But if the jungle lay heavily round us, shrouded in murky gloom and vapours, the character of the marchers themselves shone out brilliantly through all their dark progress.

In a hundred ways the carefulness of those men for one another and their willingness to lend a hand to those who needed it impressed one. While I was filled with peevish anger at the outrageous blows of rocks, logs, trees and rifle butts, they plodded stolidly on, punctuating their muddy plunging with

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



remarks like: "Stump on the left. . . ." "Are you all right, mate?" "You horrible little bastard" (this to the guards), and occasional oaths of such richness and vigour that, peevish or not, one found oneself laughing.

But it was in the watery light of that next dawn that all laughter was killed for good in Thailand. A handful of grey men on a working party we passed turned out to be members of F Force, which preceded us.

They were emaciated, seemed indifferent to everything, and their faces were stamped with a misery that was too awful to look at. Their eyes, inches deep in the sockets, looked mad. F Force, they told us, had been smitten with cholera and was being obliterated.

Haunted Eyes

We marched another five or six miles in a despairing silence heightened by drenching rain. These were the first fruits we had seen of Nippon's promises of convalescent camps—skeletons with purplish skins, teeth that looked huge in shrunken faces, and haunted eyes.

Within three weeks we were all to be reduced to the same travesties of men.

With only three kilometres to go—the Japanese measured all distances by the metric system—we halted for a short rest in a bare patch of swampy ground at the foot of the mountain we had just crossed. It was a mere saucer of treeless mud in the middle of the high-flanking, jungle-covered mountains.

At its far end a track ran out of it past a palisaded camp on the right and a native camp—in the usual state of indescribable filth—on the left. The palisaded camp was deserted, having been recently vacated by English troops. The track led into the mountains and to a place known to us as Kanu II. This was our destination, according to Terai.

Terai moved sympathetically among us and spoke for a few moments to the officer in charge. That worthy then detailed a dozen of us to stay in this saucer of mud and, on its tree-flanked border, to cut out a headquarters for our Japanese guards and administrative officers of H Force.

Objecting violently to being separated from our friends, we collected our kit and fell out from the main party. I said goodbye to Hugh Moore and Roy Death and a dozen or so more. Then they all marched away up the track and into the mountain. It was the last time we who remained were ever to see most of them.

But there was no time for reflection. A short, stocky guard, by name Kanemoto, came bellowing over and within thirty seconds—though we had just marched twenty miles—we were working, hacking down trees and bamboo from the jungle. Our labours in Thailand had begun.

Kanemoto proved to be an unpleasant little man with exaggerated ideas about the amount of work one Australian can or is prepared to do in one day. For a fortnight, Kanemoto endured our shortcomings with considerable lack of patience. In that time we cleared a patch of jungle to a depth of about fifty yards and along a front of almost a hundred.

In the process we killed numerous highly venomous snakes and disturbed a family of baboons, who withdrew themselves in high dudgeon to the top of a far-off tree from which they screeched their disapproval. Their voice is high-pitched and sufficiently human to sound demented. At night it is an unpleasant noise.

Having made a clearing, we were then sent into the jungle to collect bamboo. This grew in huge vine-entangled clumps of anything up to forty lengths of bamboo, each length anything up to fifty feet in height. Cutting it was a task made doubly unpleasant by its protective carpet of needle-pointed spikes and by its wilful refusal to fall, even when every single stem had been severed. Lashed together by the tough jungle vines, the bamboo would remain obdurately upright.

When, eventually, by shinning up the centre of a clump and hacking at the vines with a parang, the stems were freed and fell, one still had the task of weaving a forty-foot long stem through the tangled undergrowth.

Having collected sufficient lengths we were then required to erect the scaffolding of a hut, and then to lay attap on the roof and slats of split bamboo on the floor and walls. Cross-pieces were bound on to uprights with wire; attap was secured to rafters with vines. It was a primitive, but effective, method of construction.

In that first fortnight all twelve of us succumbed to malaria—more familiar to us as "The Bug"—a fact which maddened Kanemoto, who kept remarking that he did not get malaria, so why should we. By way of answer, we pointed to his protective clothing and our own G-strings, to his mosquito-netted bed and our little nests in the mud, to his bottles of quinine and atabine—of which we had none.

Spot Of Sabotage

He did not accept this at all graciously, and kept us working until one either collapsed or one's temperature reached 104 degrees by his thermometer (of which he was childishly proud), whichever came first.

It was a combination of that thermometer and the third hut (an especially lavish affair designed to house Terai and the two senior Jap officers) that led to my final clash with Kanemoto.

I was squatting astride a crossbar, entrusted with the task of splicing the next crossbar along on to its upright support, when it occurred to me that if I arranged the wire binding so that it merely *looked* as if it were firmly secured, then I would save myself considerable exertion (always to be desired) and at the same time contrive the distinct possibility of the crossbar's collapse, at some future date, on to the skull of someone from Japan. At the very least, I thought, whoever it was, it would give him a shocking headache.

At that moment my own head swam with the after-effects of the previous day's fever, and the man beside me grabbed me to stop me falling off my perch. Observing the commotion, Kanemoto looked up, his face surly, and grunted, "*Currah!*"

I said I was "*biyoke*"—sick.

"*Biyoke-ka?*" queried Kanemoto.

"*Hei,*" I assented vigorously, assuming my best sick look.

As Kanemoto produced his beloved thermometer, one of my fellow workers handed up a mugful of freshly boiled water in case I felt dizzy again. Kanemoto passed the thermometer up and indicated that I was to put it in my mouth. As soon as his attention was distracted I seized the opportunity to pop it into the water—still very hot—instead.

The result was most gratifying. The mercury rose right up to the top of the thermometer and read a temperature the likes of which no mortal had ever survived before. I was certain that my Japanese friend would be impressed. And in this I was not wrong.

Kanemoto looked at his thermometer and gasped with astonishment. Then Terai and Kanemoto took it to their colonel, who looked at it, and then at me with open admiration. Then came my undoing.

"Again one time," ordered the colonel, pointing first at the thermometer and then at me. And at once the obsequious Kanemoto swarmed, with that gymnastic skill which all Japanese soldiers possessed, up on to the crossbar next to mine, the better to take my temperature.

Plunged To Earth

My sham wire binding lasted about three seconds—then, with a rending crash, the crossbar and Kanemoto plunged to earth. As he glared furiously upwards from where he lay, the mugful of nearly boiling water fell neatly over his head. At a single blow the quality both of my work and of my fraudulent medical practices had been revealed.

After a short interval during which, with the aid of a webbing belt, he attempted to convince me of my follies, Kanemoto informed me that next morning I would be sent three kilometres up to Kanu II.

"*Kanu taxan cholera*"—There's a lot of cholera in Kanu, he said balefully. I knew exactly what he meant.

Next morning, therefore, our small party was lined up and Kanemoto confronted us to conduct a purge of those to be banished to cholera-ridden Kanu II. Remembering the events of the day before, I was not surprised when I was seeded No. 1. Terai, who had been most friendly over the past fourteen days and who now stood at the gateway of the clearing watching, solved the problem of meeting my gaze by turning his back.

Jap's Parting Jibe

Eight of us at last were honoured with the stamp of Kanemoto's especial dislike, and fell out to collect our gear.

But at the moment when we eight should have marched out of the gate and up the mud jungle track to Kanu II, a Nip surveyor arrived from down the line and demanded workers for a special task in his area. Disappointed, Kanemoto surrendered us to him.

We were to go and live in the centre of the small saucer of swamp that lay a quarter of a mile away. We were to work there collecting fuel and water for the Japanese reinforcements marching through Thailand up to Burma; we were to bury the natives who died so untidily and so regularly all round this particular area; in our spare time, we were to work on the cuttings and embankments of the line that would run from Tarsao to Kanu.

As we marched out behind our new guard, Terai said: "I am sorry," and glanced downwards. Kanemoto, endearing to the last, mocked at us: "*Di-sana taxan malaria. Ashita mati mati*"—Down there is much malaria; tomorrow you will be dead.

NEXT WEEK: How we slaved on the "Railway of Death"

Here Jim, take this up to Dad

POOR DAD. Grumbling round the bedroom like a bear with a sore head. He's either got a liver or his tummy's out of sorts. Take him up the Andrews, there's a good boy. We can't have Dad feeling under the weather, now can we?

Mother knows all the signs that call for Andrews — the pleasant, fizzy laxative that is the family standby when something goes wrong with 'the works'. Andrews does four health-jobs. Cleanses the mouth and tongue. Soothes and settles the stomach. Tones up the liver. Keeps the system working regularly. Yet Andrews is not habit forming.

Next time you need a little help, get it from Andrews.

G43/c2 51

ANDREWS

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FULL CREAM CONDENSED MILK

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★ *During any temporary shortage of canned condensed milk, supplies of Regal and Lacta may not be constantly available in all areas.*

WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE

"I've changed my mind, Miss Lane. I'm not moving you to the other office after all"

NEARLY A HERO

Continued from page 12

two forty-five precisely it stopped at the bank, and as Philip stepped out he saw another girl in the window of the invisible menders.

His friend behind the grille pushed the bundles of notes over, one by one, for Philip to check and stack into the black leather bag. Locking the bag, Philip went through the routine of clipping the steel chain to his wrist.

"No bandits lurking today?" The cashier chuckled. "See you next week, Mr. Bead."

"Same time, same day. So long, Mr. Hocking."

As he lifted the bag, Philip felt the familiar drag of the money. At the door, he paused and glanced out in the quick, nervous way that had become a habit since the attack on him. Then he walked briskly to the car.

"Central Station," he said casually. "We've got to pick up one of my directors."

The car glided away from the kerb. Unclipping the steel chain, Philip took off his bowler and wiped the beads of sweat from his brow—then stuffed the handkerchief away in case the driver should notice his agitation. He lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply, hoping the smoke would blanket the fear that stirred in his stomach. Even now it wasn't too late to tap on the glass and tell the man to drive to the office. No one would ever know what he had planned, and he could sink back into the old, comfortable rut. . . .

Then they were at the station. He told the driver to wait. Irene was waiting in the booking hall with a suitcase and the tickets. They had one minute to catch the train, and they didn't speak until they had an empty compartment to themselves and the train was on the move.

"Good timing." Irene opened the suitcase. "You've seven minutes before the first stop."

He changed into a sports coat and flannels while she took the bundles of notes from the black bag and packed them into two large bass shopping baskets, which she topped off with an assortment of shopping—some oranges, a packet of soap flakes, paper bags, a carton of matches, celery. . . .

They put Philip's office suit and the black bag into the suitcase, which they labelled for Inverness. At the first stop they started it on its way, then Philip took one of the shopping baskets and they hurried for a cross-country bus.

"We're on our way." Irene smiled up at him. "Scared?"

Her eyes shone with excitement. She looked so young and lovely that Philip forgot his fears and laughed.

"They'll have missed me by now. The hunt will be on."

They changed buses several times, always heading west. The plan was working to a timetable that was detailed to eleven weeks ahead, when they were scheduled to arrive in Rio de Janeiro with three thousand pounds still intact.

"I told you we could do it, Philip!"

"We aren't out of the wood yet," he warned.

"If those two thugs could get away, so can we—and we've the money." She patted her shopping basket and took biscuits from one of the paper bags. "Iron rations. When do we eat?"

"Not until this evening. I thought a small, private hotel would give us good cover."

"And we're staying as Mr. and Mrs. Harper?" The dimple appeared in her cheek. "I'm terribly shocked, Philip, especially as you'll never be able to make an honest woman of me."

"Irene, please——"

"Don't be silly." She squeezed his hand. "Nothing can change me, although I've changed you from a nice, upright man into a criminal. Do you know why? Because a wicked woman should have a husband to match."

They bought another suitcase and filled it from the baskets. From Malmesbury they rode in style to the Bristol hotel in a hired car.

After signing the register, he and Irene were shown to their bedroom. She melted into his arms for a brief, tantalizing moment, then held him off.

"I'm starving, darling. Let's tidy up, lock the case in the wardrobe and go down and eat."

On the stairs, she sent him back to make sure the wardrobe was locked, and this time the man with the length of lead piping was much more accurate. An hour passed before a frightened chambermaid roused Philip to consciousness. He was lying on the floor with a bump the size of a pullet's egg on his scalp and thunderstorms exploding in his brain.

Irene had left by car, with two young men who had been staying at the hotel for several days. She had taken the suitcase with her.

Philip never saw her again, but for the next three years he thought of her constantly. He tried not to, but there was no help for it.

The tools they gave him to work with were a needle and thread. The mailbags needed patience; but not as much patience, he realized, with every stitch, as she had used, watching him from the window. THE END

Crowds Spread THROAT INFECTION

At this time of the year, in crowds and stuffy atmospheres—with every cough, with every sneeze and with every breath from an infected person—countless germs are released into the air ready to infect all around over a wide area.

Protect yourself by sucking MAC THROAT SWEETS whenever you are in close contact with other people. If you feel the slightest sign of soreness, dryness or discomfort in your throat suck MAC THROAT SWEETS for relief. Pleasant and soothing, each MAC THROAT SWEET contains a therapeutic dose of Amyl-Meta-Cresol, a very powerful germicide many times as strong as pure Phenol (R.W. Co-efficient 250).

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HOW ABOMINABLE ARE THE BRITISH?

THE British, who have done so much for backward nations, are today being rewarded in a most peculiar manner. We educate these people, show them a better way of life, look after them, heal them—and then, in some cases, we become "the abominable British"!

Recent events abroad might have brought that thought to you, or to anybody. In fact, it occurred to forty-year-old Mr. W. Curry, 11 Longlands Road, Sidcup. And he has just won £500 First Prize for thus expressing it in *Bullets* form: THE ABOMINABLE BRITISH —LEFT "TRACKS"—*Schools, Hospitals*—. To make it, he told JOHN BULL, took about fifteen minutes.

This week there is another £500 for somebody's thoughts. Enjoy half an hour this evening with the *Examples* below and, spurred on by all the cheques and Easter Hampers which must be won, see what *you* can do!

Here's Mr. W. Curry, who made £500 in fifteen minutes! "I consider the help given by *'Bullets' Bulletin* invaluable," he told "J.B." That same help, presented in a bright and entertaining paper for would-be winners, can be yours by post each Thursday. Reserve your supply with *Bulletin* coupon below

★ ***Huge IDEAL KITCHEN Offer next week—then big HOLIDAY SURPRISES COMING!***

"Bullets" Winners 1,821

FIRST PRIZE, £500: G. T. Relph, 55 Kenmore Crescent, Filton Park, Bristol:

BY ROCKET TO MARS IF PROFESSOR NEGOTIATES "*Zebras*"!

£50: W. Hitchen, 48 East Bawtry Road, Rotherham: ROUGH VOYAGE—BUT OVERALLS GRAND "OILSKINS."

£25: A. E. Betts, 37 Bingham Drive, Portobello: WHEN THE OFFICIAL CUTS —RED TAPE, *Heart* BLEEDS!

OTHER AWARDS. £10: L. C. Burnby, 2 St. Stephen's Terrace, Spring Bank, Hull: HAMMERS OF INDUSTRY—"HIT" BY OFFICIALDOM'S "THUMB." £9: R. Leatherbarrow, 12 Hawkshead Road, Bedford Park, W.4: FORTUNES OF INDUSTRY — BOUND ROUND SOUND POUND. £9: V. Andess, 108 Gowen Avenue, Fulham, S.W.6: BY ROCKET TO MARS—THEN *Martians* SNEEZING, TOO? £7: F. Needham, 3 Hoath Row, Hoath, Canterbury: CREAM OF INDUSTRY — EXPORTED — FOR *Your* "TABLE." £6: J. Turvey, 13 Hale Crescent, Farnham, Surrey: BY ROCKET TO MARS—APPARENTLY—LIFTBOY UNDER NOTICE! £5: Mrs. W. Eadon, 51 Rockley Road, Hillsboro, Sheffield: WHEN THE OFFICIAL GETS —WEAVING — *Leaving*! £5: E. N. Edwards, 40 Bruce Castle Road, Tottenham, N.17: ROUGH VOYAGE — WINSTON ASSURES US, REASSURINGLY.

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

50 Prizes of 10s. and 2,000 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

EASTER CHEQUES and BIG HAMPERS

for "Bullets" this week

£500 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS

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£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £2.10s. 30 of 10s.

each plus EASTER HAMPER

Contents include 5 lb. Duck and fresh Peas.

2,000 "GOOD SHOT" AWARDS

LUXURY FOOD CASES

As a Bonus Award, a case of luxury Foods accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s, if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated April 12, and in JOHN BULL dated April 19), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Britain's Secret
Prelude To Peace
Spring Is Calling, So
Her Family
Time, The Healer
Formidable
Early One Morning
Cowboy Joe
Test Of Endurance
Doubly Sweet
Has To Be Careful
Popular Chap
With A Flying Leap
Strange To Say
Grandpa's Night-cap
How To Get Slim
Swaggering Along
Scrubbed
Yap, Yap, Yap
In The Sultan's Harem

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

When Everybody's.....
Doesn't Agree With.....
Peron's.....
"What's A....., Daddy?"
With All His.....
Lifted The.....And

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined." top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,826 (or Xword 778) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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EX. ..... 6d.
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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues — XWORD 778

1. May depend very much on pitch
2. He who angles learns to
7. Before a man becomes one, he is already accustomed to taking orders
8. Relies in some cases on money taken at the gates
12. There's a particular kind of eye that is this
13. His inartistic one may well be rude to painter
14. Sometimes of heroic character

Down Clues

3. The true glory of a nation depends not on its
4. They can be metallic in quality
5. Some people are capable of being fortified by
6. This is something to be exercised
7. There are times when a boxer would give almost anything for this
9. Some would be pretty dull if seen in their crude, unpolished state
10. May have the effect of shutting one in
11. Dog often shares this of his owner

£100 FIRST PRIZE

AWARDS VALUE £25

amongst 1st Runners-up and up to

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each value £2

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Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES —one for each 2nd Runner-up

XWORD 773 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Forms. 5, Hedge. 7, Horse. 10, Jar. 11, Dad. 13, Banks or Tanks. 14, Drunk. 15, Stunted. DOWN: 2, Match. 3, Seats. 4, Test. 6, Bay. 8, Odd. 9, Bind. 12, Main.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: Mrs. L. C. Cook, 205 Westwood Road, Sutton Coldfield.

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£100 and "FOOD-PLUS" Prizes for this XWORD

In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated April 5.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

■	1S	P	I	■	■	2	3A	I	4T	
5P	A	R	T	■	6	■	R	S	O	
O	W	E	■	7B	A	■	M	A	N	
■	■	8P	■	E	R	■	■	■	■	
T	E	A	■	L	E	T	■	M	S	
■	A	Y	■	■	■	O	D	E	■	
9O	R	■	10	■	A	W	E	■	11	
■	■	12	O	L	D	■	W	O	O	
E	H	■	L	I	A	R	■	B	O	
13S	I	■	T	E	R	778	14	I	D	

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **778** Closing Postmark MON., MARCH 24

I enclose P.O. value ..... No.....

Signed.....

Address .....
.....

LITTLE WILLIE

Continued from page 20

at the radio set, astonished and numbed. "... the Royal Victoria Hospital, Grimsby," repeated the voice, "where his father is dangerously ill." Like six punctuation marks came the high-pitched pips of the time signal. "And now, here is the eight o'clock news. ..."

George switched it off, and as if under some strange, invisible power, scrawled "Royal Victoria Hospital" across the top of the chart. It seemed fantastic that the message he'd just heard had been real—that it had stretched out all those hundreds of miles, and caught him sitting there in the tiny, sweating chartroom on the fringes of the Arctic Ocean. It was like one of the practical jokes the kids played on April Fool's Day, ringing up their friends and saying, "This is the local police station."

He sat back in the hard wooden chair and wiped his brow. S. P. dangerously ill. It would have to be something pretty drastic for him to send out an S O S like that. A stroke, perhaps, or an accident. And what the perishing hell was he supposed to do now? It'd be four days before they could get back, even to Aberdeen; and in four days a lot could happen. The old man could be dead and buried; or he could be on the road to recovery. Besides, if they went back now, they'd have wasted nearly ten whole days, and got damn all for their trouble.

There's always a chance, he thought suddenly, that I needn't have heard the flaming thing. No one would ever know whether he had or not.

And yet, he didn't feel easy about it. The boy would be bound to discover later that a message was sent out, and he'd think the skipper had deliberately withheld it from him. Besides, if the old man did die, then little Willie would be one of the big noises in the firm. ...

"What the hell?" he asked himself, aloud. "What the hell's the answer to this one?"

He thought of asking Pansy, but he knew that Pansy would only shrug and say, "Sure, Skip. Do what you think best, Skip. It's O.K. by me," and the problem would still remain. He thought also of asking the boy. But he realized it would be unfair to tell him the news and let him sit biting his nails while they struggled back to port. There was, he decided, only one possible course.

He went out on to the wing of the bridge and leant over the rail. Below him the whole of the crew was on deck. Willie, who was struggling manfully with one of the otter boards, had got his foot caught in a bight of rope.

"Belay there, Mr. Drake," he called. "We ain't streaming today."

Pansy looked up at him, screwing up his eyes against the light of the sky.

"Whassat, Skip?"

"I said we ain't streaming today. Stow the gear. We're going back."

LATER that evening, Willie knocked on the skipper's door. "I wanted to ask," he said, "if this change is anything to do with me."

The skipper looked at him, and for the first time in their strange, uneasy relationship, he allowed himself to smile.

"No, Notley," he said. "Nothing to do with you. I've just changed my mind, that's all."

"But we could still fish to the north ... in the old area. ..."

"We're going to Aberdeen," said the skipper firmly.

Willie bit his lip. "I hope you realize, Mr. Taverner, you will have wasted ten days' valuable time ... my father's time. ..."

The skipper came towards him. "Shut your trap," he said, "or I'll shut it for you."

Willie backed away. The skipper looked suddenly very large and powerful. "You'll pay for this when we get back," he said nervously. "By God, you'll pay."

"Get out."

"Anybody'd think you owned the firm. ..."

"Get out before I throw you out."

As the cabin door shut, the skipper

slumped back on his bunk, and took out one of his fags smelling cigarettes. What the hell could you do with a kid like him. But inside he felt rather like that him. With any luck, and a bit providance, he'd be all right. There was quite a bit of S. P. in him.

The *Carlotta* rattled and shook her way towards Aberdeen at a steady twelve knots. Below decks the general feeling was that the skipper had, at long last, gone stark, staring, raving mad.

"It's them scented fags," suggested one of the hands. "They soften your brain."

"It's Pansy Drake," hazarded Ginger Wilson. "Got a date with a bit o' kilt, or summat. . . ."

"Maybe we've gone to perishing war again," said a third.

But the general consensus of serious opinion was that Little Willie had begun to feel homesick, and the skipper wasn't taking any chances, not with the old man owning half the trawlers in Grimsby.

WILLIE took their jibes cheerfully. In some way he felt he'd pitted his strength against the skipper and won.

But it wasn't until they were finally in sight of Aberdeen, and were picking their way to a berth among the forest of trawler masts and funnels, that the skipper sent for him and told him the news.

"I couldn't get you ashore any sooner," he explained, gruffly, and Willie felt suddenly afraid and helpless. Both the news itself, and the realization of what the skipper had done, gripped at his stomach, and squeezed out his strength. It was like a man, he considered confusedly, plucking out one of his own eyes to give a blind man back his sight, and apologizing for not doing more.

"I'm . . . I'm sorry," said Willie, as he looked awkwardly at the carpet on the deck of the cabin. "I . . . I. . . ." But there was nothing else to say. He felt utterly humble and ashamed.

"For Gawd's sake," said the skipper, uneasily, "don't start to blubber. You ain't a perishing schoolgirl any more. . . ."

And in the gruffness, the harshness of the voice, Willie detected a warm and soothing note of compassion. It was funny, he thought, as he hurried forward to pack his things, but it had probably been there all the time. . . .

When the *Carlotta* tied up on the outside of one of the large trots, Willie scrambled ashore, and made for the nearest telephone box. Pansy and the skipper watched him go. Half an hour later he was back aboard, and went straight to the skipper's cabin. George wasn't there. He'd gone ashore to arrange about a quick refuel and a turn round. Pansy Drake met him outside.

"Hallo, kiddo," he said, with surprise. "How's the old man?" Like Willie, the mate hadn't heard until the ship was nearly in.

"All right," said Willie eagerly. "He's off the danger list, anyway. He had a car smash."

Pansy Drake grunted. "What'll you be doing now, then?" he asked. "Going back to Grimsby?"

"That depends," he said, "on the skipper. . . ."

"You mean . . . ?" Pansy looked at him with astonishment. He couldn't want to come back to sea with them, not after the grilling he'd had from George.

"I mean," Willie said firmly, "I'd still like to see what a trawl looks like when it's in use, and I still want to know if the skipper's theory is correct."

Pansy Drake pushed his cap back on his head and pulled at a lock of his hair.

"Lumme, Charlie, you're a rum 'un," he said. "I'd have thought. . . ." But he wasn't sure what he might have thought. He was trying to picture what the skipper would look like when he heard about it. THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 20 is of Marshal Stalin when a child.

Doleful dressmaker turns into a sewing-machine

Madame Suzie is the "little woman round the corner." But from her face you'd think she was pretty tired of the seamy side of life. "Eh bien," I buttonholed her, "how are the buttons and bows?"

"*Alas*," *sighed Madame.* "*Life renders itself insupportable. I am ver' busy, oui, but, also, I am très constipée. Oh that I hate sewing nowadays—I never want to do any pleating or piping again.*"

"Ten yards of piping can cause a lot of trouble," I said.

"*Pardon?*" *asked Madame.*

"Listen," I said. "*This* length of piping is inside your petite Mary, and everything you eat has to go through it. The trouble is that the muscles which move the food along can't get a grip on the soft, starchy foods we eat nowadays—and they don't work properly."

"*Mercy me*," *said Madame*, "*what happens then?*"

"Binding and gathering," I said. "Your system gets hemmed in, and constipation leaves you feeling cut on the cross. But," I said, "a little *bulk* will soon put you right."

"*What ees this bulk?*" *asked Madame.*

"All-Bran for breakfast *every day*," I said. "That's the way to give those muscles the bulk they need. All-Bran'll soon make you 'regular.' Will you try it?"

"*But yes!*" *said Madame.*

"But do," I said. And, obviously, she *did*. When I saw her next, she looked capable of cutting out all her rivals. "Ooh-la-la!" I said. "You're looking magnifique!"

"*And, also, I* feel *it*," *trilled Madame.* "*The All-Bran made me 'regular' in a week—it's done wonders for me.*"

"Naturellement," I said.

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JOHN BULL'S GARDENING GUIDE

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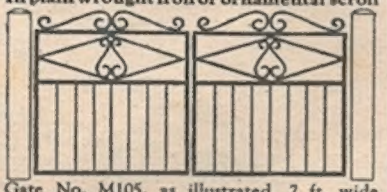

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3 oz. Margarine	
2 oz. Dess. Coconut	½-level teasp. Salt
1 bot. or can Damsons	Milk or water to mix

Sift the flour, salt and baking powder. Rub in the margarine, add the coconut, then add enough water to make a soft elastic dough. Roll out and use two-thirds of the dough to line a 2-pint well-greased pudding basin. Fill with damsons, adding 2 to 3 tablespoons sugar and a little of the juice.

Roll out the remainder of the dough to the size of the top of the basin, moisten the edges with milk or water and use to cover the pudding. Place greased paper over the pudding and steam 1½ hours. Turn out and serve hot with plenty of rich, creamy Bird's Custard.

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